

From The Quarterly Review. *Recollections of the last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times.* By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. London. 1858.

The last four popes, of whom Cardinal Wiseman undertakes to record his recollections, were remarkable men; they lived in critical times, and had to deal with circumstances of unusual difficulty; their talents and virtues rise high above the average standard; and among the two hundred and sixty occupants of St. Peter's chair whom the Roman Church numbers in her annals, few have equalled and none have surpassed them in personal disinterestedness and rectitude of intention.

It is unfortunate that the Cardinal adds so little to our knowledge of their characters and their history. In the early part of his career he has nothing to tell. Later in life, when his employments bring him into closer contact with the subjects of his biography, discretion, as he hints, seals his lips. Of their administrative capacity as indicated by the external aspect of the capital or the social condition of the people, he scarcely gives more information, although, as his motto* boasts, he has received his nurture and education at Rome. This piece of good fortune he owed to Pius VII., who, soon after his restoration, reëstablished the Collegio Inglese, and among the first cargo of youths who were sent out to fill its long-deserted halls, was the future Cardinal Wiseman. In those days the facilities for travelling were comparatively few. The time of railways was yet far distant, that of steamboats was only just beginning. The "overland route" was rejected by the students, for, we are told, it "required appliances, personal and material, scarcely compatible with the purposes of their journey." Accordingly, on the 2nd October, 1818, they took their passage on board a merchantman bound for Leghorn, and at last arrived at Rome on the 18th of December. As soon as they were released by the Custom-house they drove to the English College. The rector, its sole occupant, was out; but they made themselves quite at home, took possession of the house, and eat up his dinner. Or as the Cardinal expresses it in more dignified style,—

"On returning from his walk, the excellent nutriti mihi contigit atque doceri."—*Hor. Ep. II. 2.*

lent superior, the Rev. Robert Gradwell found the first instalment of this important body (his future pupils) really installed in his house, to the extent of having converted to present use the preparations for his own frugal and solitary meal.

"The arrival of the English students (he continues) was an event of sufficient magnitude to be communicated to the Secretary of State, and the answer was that as many of the party as could be provided with the old and hallowed costume of the English College should be presented to the Holy Father within a few days. Among the more fortunate ones, owing to a favorable accident, was the present writer. Thus, not in the garb of a courtier bred in the palace halls, not by the privilege of dignity or station, but in the simple habit of a collegian, and through the claim of filial rights upon a common father, was an early approach secured to the feet of the good and holy Pius VII."—(p. 17.)

In the course of his collegiate career the student has occasional opportunities of being presented to the Holy Father, and, further, the English College used frequently to direct their afternoon walks towards the Porta Pia, in the neighborhood of which Pius used to take his brief allowance of exercise in winter, by the side of some lofty wall which sheltered him from the "Tyramontane" wind, and reflected the glow of the bright evening sun.

Such were the future Cardinal's opportunities of observing Pius VII., and he himself seems, in all sincerity, to think them considerable, although to us they scarcely seem to exceed those enjoyed by a chorister of Westminster for studying the character of his neighbor the Archbishop of Canterbury. But what his portraits want in distinctness of outline and fulness of detail, they make up in brilliancy of coloring. His volume is one uninterrupted strain of panegyric: we wish he were in as good humor with the public he addresses as he is with his subject and himself. But while he devotes a page to explaining how innocently the Romans become quarrelsome over their cups, and get drunk from the mere love of sobriety (p. 258), he takes offence at the most indifferent action of the English tourist, and even sneers at his lodging as "the region honored with his residence" (p. 159). Against his countrymen he keeps up a running fire of controversy. He is always parrying some imaginary thrust, on all occasions he anticipates a "sneer," or

From The Quarterly Review. *Recollections of the last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times.* By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. London. 1858.

The last four popes, of whom Cardinal Wiseman undertakes to record his recollections, were remarkable men; they lived in critical times, and had to deal with circumstances of unusual difficulty; their talents and virtues rise high above the average standard; and among the two hundred and sixty occupants of St. Peter's chair whom the Roman Church numbers in her annals, few have equalled and none have surpassed them in personal disinterestedness and rectitude of intention.

It is unfortunate that the Cardinal adds so little to our knowledge of their characters and their history. In the early part of his career he has nothing to tell. Later in life, when his employments bring him into closer contact with the subjects of his biography, discretion, as he hints, seals his lips. Of their administrative capacity as indicated by the external aspect of the capital or the social condition of the people, he scarcely gives more information, although, as his motto* boasts, he has received his nurture and education at Rome. This piece of good fortune he owed to Pius VII., who, soon after his restoration, reëstablished the Collegio Inglese, and among the first cargo of youths who were sent out to fill its long-deserted halls, was the future Cardinal Wiseman. In those days the facilities for travelling were comparatively few. The time of railways was yet far distant, that of steamboats was only just beginning. The "overland route" was rejected by the students, for, we are told, it "required appliances, personal and material, scarcely compatible with the purposes of their journey." Accordingly, on the 2nd October, 1818, they took their passage on board a merchantman bound for Leghorn, and at last arrived at Rome on the 18th of December. As soon as they were released by the Custom-house they drove to the English College. The rector, its sole occupant, was out; but they made themselves quite at home, took possession of the house, and eat up his dinner. Or as the Cardinal expresses it in more dignified style,—

"On returning from his walk, the excellent nutriti mihi contigit atque doceri."—*Hor. Ep. II. 2.*

lent superior, the Rev. Robert Gradwell found the first instalment of this important body (his future pupils) really installed in his house, to the extent of having converted to present use the preparations for his own frugal and solitary meal.

"The arrival of the English students (he continues) was an event of sufficient magnitude to be communicated to the Secretary of State, and the answer was that as many of the party as could be provided with the old and hallowed costume of the English College should be presented to the Holy Father within a few days. Among the more fortunate ones, owing to a favorable accident, was the present writer. Thus, not in the garb of a courtier bred in the palace halls, not by the privilege of dignity or station, but in the simple habit of a collegian, and through the claim of filial rights upon a common father, was an early approach secured to the feet of the good and holy Pius VII."—(p. 17.)

In the course of his collegiate career the student has occasional opportunities of being presented to the Holy Father, and, further, the English College used frequently to direct their afternoon walks towards the Porta Pia, in the neighborhood of which Pius used to take his brief allowance of exercise in winter, by the side of some lofty wall which sheltered him from the "Tyramontane" wind, and reflected the glow of the bright evening sun.

Such were the future Cardinal's opportunities of observing Pius VII., and he himself seems, in all sincerity, to think them considerable, although to us they scarcely seem to exceed those enjoyed by a chorister of Westminster for studying the character of his neighbor the Archbishop of Canterbury. But what his portraits want in distinctness of outline and fulness of detail, they make up in brilliancy of coloring. His volume is one uninterrupted strain of panegyric: we wish he were in as good humor with the public he addresses as he is with his subject and himself. But while he devotes a page to explaining how innocently the Romans become quarrelsome over their cups, and get drunk from the mere love of sobriety (p. 258), he takes offence at the most indifferent action of the English tourist, and even sneers at his lodging as "the region honored with his residence" (p. 159). Against his countrymen he keeps up a running fire of controversy. He is always parrying some imaginary thrust, on all occasions he anticipates a "sneer," or

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 758.—4 December, 1858.—Third Series, No. 36.

CONTENTS

	PAGE.
PLATE: Death's Door—after a painting by Blake.	
1. The Four Last Popes, by Cardinal Wiseman,	<i>Quarterly Review</i> , 723
2. The Light on the Hearth,—Part II.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 753
3. Hanworth. Chapters VIII-X.,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , 770

POETRY.—The Water and the Flowers, 752. The Last of October, 752. The Changed Cross, 783. "Not as though I had already attained," 783. Death's Door, 784.

SHORT ARTICLES.—The Vatican Greek Testament, 751. The World and One's Self, 751. Mr. Albert Smith at Hong Kong, 769. Insect Voracity, 782. Natural Photography, 782.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT; or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of Various Denominations, from the early settlement of the country to the close of the year 1855. With Historical Introductions. By William B. Sprague, D.D. Vol. V. Episcopalian. Robert Carter & Bros., New York.

[Of this work, part of a monument to the departed ministers of religion in the United States—raised by the industry and catholic spirit of our friend Dr. Sprague—we hope hereafter to give some account in the *Living Age*.]

BIOGRAPHY OF SELF-TAUGHT MEN; with an Introductory Essay, by B. B. Edwards. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

THE GRAVE: a Poem; by Robert Blair. With Illustrations by Blake. Stanford & Delisser, New York.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL, SON & Co., Boston; and STANFORD & DELISSER, 508 Broadway, New-York.

For Six Dollars a year, remitted directly to either of the Publishers, the *Living Age* will be punctually forwarded free of postage.

Complete sets of the First Series, in thirty-six volumes, and of the Second Series, in twenty volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at two dollars a volume.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

ANY NUMBER may be had for 12 cents; and it is well worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

a "snarl," and is ever protesting against their "cynicism," or "*ultra-biblical exclusiveness*," a phrase, by the by, not very well chosen by a champion of Rome, who desires to throw into shade the weak points of her theological system.

It is not to be expected that we should regard Cardinal Wiseman's subject from his point of view. But we are not tempted to "sneer" or to "snarl." We have no desire to disparage his idols, whose actions must be judged on their own principles and not on ours, and whose characters, we believe, will gain rather than lose by being stripped of the halo of mythical eulogium and by being examined in the impartial daylight of history. The period which Cardinal Wiseman's narrative embraces has a more important bearing on ecclesiastical history has generally been noticed by political writers, or by the Cardinal himself. It comprises the restoration of the papacy from its lowest point of depression, the depth of which must be measured rather by the contempt into which the Church of Rome had fallen than by the misfortunes of its visible head, to its present state of full-blown pride and almost mediæval pretension. At the close of the last century the spirit of sceptical philosophy had made fearful progress among the educated classes of continental Europe.* It needed nothing less than the misfortunes of the unhappy Braschi to bring a pope within the limits of public sympathy. From the time of his death in a foreign prison (though the disasters of the Roman see were by no means ended) the beginning of the reaction may be dated. His successors were eminently qualified to carry on the work of restoration. We propose to make from other sources† such additions to Cardinal Wiseman's biographical sketch of Pius VII. and his successor Leo XII. as may serve to illustrate their characters and their services to the Church of which they were

the visible heads. For the remaining two Popes we have no space at present. Bernabò Luigi Chiaramonti was born at Cesena in 1740 or 1742 (for accounts differ), the younger son of a noble family. His mother is said to have been a woman of exalted piety, who, in middle age, retreated from the snares of the world to a cloister, and only escaped beatification by the good sense of her son, who resisted the insidious suggestions of his flatterers to enroll her in the celestial hierarchy. To us it seems a proof of the strength and tenderness of Pius VII.'s affection for his mother, that his feelings instinctively recoiled from associating her memory with the legendary process of canonization; or it may be, as our author seems to think, that he was not less anxious to avoid the change of unduly advancing his relations in heaven than in earth. A similar feeling of delicacy, we are subsequently told, made Pius VIII. hesitate to bestow the title of "Doctor of the Church" on St. Bernard, when it was suggested to him that the Châtillons of France, to whom St. Bernard belonged, were probably a branch of the Pope's own family of Castiglioni. We cannot understand how such scruples can be felt, or can be recorded by a man of sense, without working in his mind the conviction that the power whose exercise has called them forth is one which God can never have entrusted to mortal man.

Young Chiaramonti, it is said, gratified an early vocation for the monastic life by taking the habit of St. Benedict at the age of eighteen. Our author describes in glowing colors the sacrifice he made in quitting the "damask curtains," "the paintings and tapestries of the ancestral palace," and in "dropping the high-sounding names of Barnabas Chiaramonti for simple Don Gregory." (p. 35). Far be it from us to underrate the effort of self-denial which a youth makes when he leaves the comforts and tenderness of home for the cold and rigid routine of the cloister. But the princely splendor of the Chiaramonti family, who were far from wealthy, is purely imaginary; the hardship of exchanging the name of Barnabas for Gregory is not unintelligible; and as for "Chiaramonti," Cardinal Wiseman must know Rome well enough to be aware how little effect would be produced there by the name however sonorous of a provincial noble. It is true that the

* Cardinal Pacca gives some curious instances of the strength of this irreligious spirit even among the royalist emigrants at Cologne.

† The most complete Biography of Pius VII. with which we are acquainted is by the Chevalier Artaud. He was successfully attaché and secretary to the French Embassy at Rome, at various periods, under the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration. He writes as an ultra-royalist in politics, and an ultra-montane in ecclesiastical principles—but his opportunities of observation and his means of information were considerable, and his book bears strong internal marks of good faith and veracity as to facts.

Archdeacon Giacinto Chiamonti wrote a Latin poem, "De Laudibus Majorum Suorum," but then it was addressed to his brother the Cardinal, whose red stockings put the whole family, their ancestors included, into a very different light. Pius VII. himself resolutely rejected all flattery on the subject of his pedigree. When the Consular Government, in recommending the Cardinal de Clermont-Tonnerre, urged that the Clermonts of France were a branch of the Chiamonti of Italy, the Pope disclaimed all knowledge of this illustrious relationship, wittily adding, that, as he had not permitted the members of his own family at Cesena to come to Rome, he could not incur the blame of nepotism for his more distant, though more distinguished, kindred in France.* On the restoration of the Bourbons his flatterers went so far as to trace his descent from the Comte de Clermont, the sixth son of St. Louis, and the ancestor of Henry IV. To put a stop to this extravagance, Pius requested the Chevalier Artaud, who tells the story, to prove the negative by obtaining for him the complete pedigree of this branch of the house of Valois.

Cardinal Wiseman, desirous to dignify his hero with the legendary portents which foreshadow future greatness, assures us that young Chiamonti's mother, in her retreat, predicted his future elevation and his tribulations; and moreover that, on first going to Rome, he was present at the coronation of Clement XIV. (Ganganelli); and there his presence inspired a coachman with the spirit of prophecy. "Eager to get a look at the spectacle and clear himself of the throng that elbowed him, he leaped up behind an empty carriage. The coachman turned round, but, instead of resenting this intrusion on his dominions, said good-naturedly to him, 'My dear little monk, why are you so anxious to see a function which will one day fall to your lot?'"—(p. 34).

If these stories really came from Pius himself, we doubt not they are substantially true, but they are by no means marvellous. No nun probably ever had a son in orders without dreaming he would become pope, and no prophetic gift was needed to foresee troubles to Braschi's successor. The story of the coachman is highly illustrative of Roman manners. The Romans are as much amused

at the possibility that any one who wears the ecclesiastical costume may be their future sovereign, as is the authoress of "Manners of the Americans" at the possible Presidentship of every dirty boy she sees cheating at chuck-farthing in the street. This possible reversion of the tiara is a frequent topic of good-humored banter at Rome, and nothing was more likely to suggest itself to the facetious coachman, who doubtless was amused by the grotesque appearance of an undersized, childish-looking monk perched in the footman's place behind his carriage.

No man's life presents such a wonderful contrast between its opening and its close as a pope's. We remember to have heard an anecdote in illustration of this, which, though trifling in itself, is nevertheless worth recording, as showing Chiamonti's amiable and grateful disposition. Some of our travelled readers may doubtless remember at Naples, Monsignor Capece Latro, ex-Archbishop of Tarento, who, for some years after the peace, was frequently met in English society. He had been Murat's Minister of Public Instruction, and was a church reformer to the extent of having written against tithes and the celibacy of the clergy. He had in consequence fallen into deep disgrace with the authorities of Church and State, and had been removed from his see. He used to relate that he applied to Pius for some indulgence, admitting that he had no claim on his favor, and not only had no personal acquaintance with His Holiness, but had never even seen him. "Tell the archbishop," said Pius to the Cardinal Secretary, "he is mistaken. I remember him, though he has forgotten me, and will try to remind him. Ask him if he recollects a poor little monk whom he once saw looking for shelter on the Ponte Sisto from a sudden storm of rain, and whom he took into his coach, all drenched as he was, and carried back to the convent. I was that monk, and deeply felt his charity and kindness at the time, nor can ever forget it." It is scarcely necessary to add that the archbishop's request met all the favorable consideration of which the case admitted.

The young Benedictine pursued his studies with assiduity and credit, and in due time was appointed Professor of Theology. He was connected by relationship with Pius VI., and was further recommended to his notice by his mild and reasonable conduct in some monastic

*Artaud, vol. ii p. 281.

disputes which arose to such a height as to call for the intervention of the supreme authority. His adversaries clamored for his removal from Rome. The Pope assented, mysteriously adding that the applicants probably did not guess the nature of the removal he contemplated. Not long after the recluse of S. Paolo fuori le Mura was promoted to the bishopric of Tivoli, and subsequently, on the death of Cardinal Bandi, was translated to that of Imola. Finally, in 1785, he was offered a cardinal's hat. It is said that the humble and diffident bishop hesitated to accept the expensive dignity. He had a horror of debt, and the revenues of his see would scarcely support the state which the cardinal's purple renders necessary. One whom he had known when he was an inmate of the convent, Marconi, a notary's clerk, pressed the whole of his savings (about 1000 dollars) on the cardinal elect. The sum was utterly inadequate, nor could Chiaramonti consent to take it. But the zeal of his humble friend raised his confidence and overcame his scruples, and the hat was accepted.

The next few years of the cardinal bishop's life were the last of peace and security. The final triumph of the French Revolution menaced danger to all existing institutions, and especially the Church. At last the thundercloud, which had long been gathering on the north side of the Alps, burst in all its fury over the plains of Italy. There were wars and revolutions, fear and tribulation everywhere. During the last three years of the century disasters succeeded each other with breathless rapidity. The Roman states were invaded, and successively appropriated by the conqueror. The peace of Tolentino, a brief respite from utter annihilation, was broken by the march of the French army on Rome to revenge the death of Duphot, the victim of a riot which the republicans had purposely provoked as an excuse for the renewal of hostilities. The Papal government was overthrown, a republic was declared, and Pius VI. was carried away into captivity. Imola was in the thickest of the confusion; and was at last incorporated in the Cisalpine republic; the cardinal bishop's allegiance was claimed by new and strange masters, and his difficulties were further aggravated by the discordant violence of the feelings which divided the population. Among the inhabitants of the towns generally the most anarchical theories and the most

open infidelity prevailed; in the agricultural districts an enthusiastic devotion to the ancient order of things prompted the people to risk their lives in a generous attempt to save the feeble government against its will.

In this perplexity Cardinal Chiaramonti published the famous homily (the only work ever presented to the world in his name) which has given rise to so much controversy and so much censure. M. Artaud supposes that the weak and inconsistent passages were dictated by the fears of his attendants. But this is a mere assumption; and even if it be admitted, the Cardinal is equally responsible for all that he allowed to be published in his name. His excuse must be sought in the difference of sentiment among those whom he addressed. To the one portion of his flock he meant to urge the inutility of persisting in a hopeless resistance to the oppressor; to the other he desired to prove that republican opinions did not necessarily involve the subversion of religion. He vainly hoped to save the Church, though the State was lost. "Be good Christians," he exhorts them in conclusion, "and you will be excellent Jacobins."

In the course of the struggle for the dominion of Italy, his embarrassments were multiplied by the alternate successes of the two hostile armies. His wishes were all for the Austrians and their allies, but he was willing to make the best of the triumph of France if such was decreed. To withhold from the allies such aid as he had in his power was to desert the cause of his sovereign, to give it was to break faith with those to whom he had submitted. He was in a position from which it was impossible to escape without incurring the censure of one, perhaps of both parties. But, on the whole, he behaved with wisdom and courage. He remained at his post * (as the invading general remarked to his credit), and was ready on all occasions to answer for himself when accused, and to plead in behalf of the population when they were threatened with French vengeance. When the ill-advised and unfortunate insurrection at Lugo was punished with such unrelenting severity, he interceded earnestly with the French general in favor of the revolted district: that he "kneled at the conqueror's feet" is an exaggeration for which he would not have thanked Cardinal Wiseman, inasmuch as this act of humiliation would have lost him his subse-

* Artaud, vol. i., p. 26.

quent election to the throne. At the ensuing conclave the objection to Cardinal Mattei which proved insuperable was that at Tolentino he had been seen in a paroxysm of distress to kneel at the feet of Citizen Cacaault.*

From a comparison of the many contradictory narratives of this period which have been written, it may be inferred that Chiaramonti's conduct exhibited the characteristics which his admirers admit have marked it on all subsequent emergencies. On occasions of doubt, where there was ground for argument, and room for the alternate play of hope and fear, his diffidence of his own opinion, his eager desire to do right, and dread of blame acting upon a certain feebleness of character and sensitiveness of feeling, disposed him to yield too much to the pressure of circumstances, to vacillate and to defer too timidly to the judgment of those about him. When he saw his way clearly and had made his decision, his passive courage was admirable and his resolute inflexible.

In the last year of the century and the twenty-fifth of his reign, the longest recorded in the history of the Popes, Pius VI. closed his sufferings in captivity at Valence. At that moment Italy was freed from French occupation; Buonaparte, the master-spirit, had been recalled to take the command in Egypt, and the spell which had hitherto ensured success to French arms in the Peninsula was broken. The dispersed cardinals, to the number of thirty-five, were enabled to assemble in Venice, and there, by permission of the Emperor of Germany, to whom the ancient republic had been bartered away by its conquerors, the conclave met in the island of St. Giorgio Maggiore, on the 1st of December, 1799. It might be supposed under the circumstances, the tiara would have appeared a crown of thorns, which few would have had self-devotion enough to accept. Never, on the contrary, had it been more eagerly sought. Perhaps such is the lust of rule—*regnandi tam dira cupido*—that any crown is an object of ambition. When, in the decline of the Eastern empire, the enemy thundered without the gates, and faction raged within, when, in the poverty of the exchequer, the gorgeous dia-

* It must be remembered, however, that Cardinal Mattei knelt in his anxiety to save his sovereign and his country, not himself. When previously Buonaparte had threatened to shoot him, he replied with dignity that he only begged for a quarter of an hour to prepare himself. (Artaud, vol. ii. p. 81.)

dem of Constantine was replaced by a paltry imitation in gilt leather, men were found to betray, and mutilate, and murder each other for its possession; or it may be, as M. Artaud thinks, the assembled Fathers showed a noble faith in the vitality of their church polity and the buoyancy of St. Peter's bark. Be this as it may, the conclave sat for one hundred and four days. Cardinal Braschi, nephew of the late pope, had twenty-two votes at his disposal; Antonelli headed an opposite faction (the word in this sense is strictly technical), with the command of thirteen. As a majority of two-thirds is necessary to secure the election, it was manifest that neither party could carry their candidate. But both, each day at the morning and evening scrutiny, with unbending obstinacy recorded their votes, the former for the Cardinal Bellinsomi, the latter for Mattei. It was obvious that without some compromise any election was impossible.

This conclave brings on the stage for the first time a personage more important than the Pope it met to elect. Hercules Consalvi, born of a gentleman's family in the ancient but obscure village of Toscanella, had entered on the ecclesiastical career, because in the Roman States it is the only road which leads to office, and had hitherto followed it with success. Dexterously seizing the occasion, he persuaded old Monsignor Negroni to make way for him as Secretary of the Conclave; and here his talents found their full exercise. The secretary is usually the mediator and the channel of communication between the rival parties, he holds the thread of many an intrigue, and is often the animating spirit of the whole assembly. It would be tedious to relate the various efforts made by the two parties to effect a compromise. Consalvi, by patiently watching his time till the patience of the combatants was exhausted, by adroit insinuations, eliminating, one after another, all on whom he did not wish the choice of the electors to fall, succeeded in persuading each of the contending factions that the only independent Cardinal not fettered or disqualified by his previous conduct for the arduous task of vindicating the rights of the Holy See, was Chiaramonti. On the 14th of March, the Cardinal Bishop of Imola was proclaimed Pope, and in compliment to his predecessor, took the name of Pius VII.

At the time of his election Pius was a temporal sovereign. His dominions had been

conquered by his allies in his name, and it was to be hoped for him. The moment he was able to leave Venice, he set out to claim them. His progress from Pesaro was one continued ovation. Rome, weary of its republic and sick of the Neapolitans, received him with joy. But Rome was sorely changed; the pontifical palaces were stripped to the bare walls; the museums were rifled; the churches were plundered; the accumulated treasures of centuries were dispersed; and this not by the violence of an excited soldiery, but by the legalized rapacity of French commissaries and the officers of the Roman republic. These were but the outward signs; the social fabric lay in ruins; church property was confiscated; the religious communities dispersed; the finances were annihilated; government there was none; all was discord, anarchy, poverty, and distrust. Nor was the task of reconstruction easy. The rich were pauperized, the poor were demoralized; men's faith in the old order of things was shaken, their expectations from the new had been disappointed, their hopes from the future were cold. Many had been severely tried in the fiery ordeal of revolution, and it was safest not to ask how they had stood the test. There were, however, some whose services deserved reward. Marconi was not forgotten. Besides his previous claim on the Pope's gratitude, it is said that he had advanced the funds needed to defray his journey to Venice. Consalvi was immediately made Cardinal and Secretary of State. The measures of the restored government are variously represented. A plan for redeeming the base coinage was one of its boldest and most liberal acts; but, on the whole, the code of regulations contained in the bull "Post diuturnas" is not supposed, even by the Pope's greatest admirers, to have been judiciously framed.* Administrative reform at least, it may be inferred, had made no great progress, when no better way of rewarding Marconi suggested itself than to give him some lucrative contracts; one of these, a contract for the maintenance of the galley-slaves at so much per head, he disposed of the next day at an enormous profit. We are afraid of inquiring how much the sub-contractor in his turn made out of the wretched convicts.

Very early after his return Pius was called on to perform the most important act of his

* Artaud, vol. i, p. 100.

reign and of his life. French arms were rapidly regaining in Italy the ground they had lost. Buonaparte, virtually wielding the supreme power under the title of First Consul, reappeared like Achilles on the field, and defeat was turned to triumph. But he had no desire to destroy (at least for the present) the temporal power of the Pope. From the first he had seen and urged on the Directory the advantage that might be derived from retaining him as an instrument in the hands of France, instead of compelling him to be a weapon of offence in the hands of her enemies. He had never lost sight of the impending work of reconstruction; and from the first moment that the idea of grasping the supreme power dawned on his mind, he saw that he should have work for the Pope to do which could be done by no one else. From the field of Marengo, when Pius probably expected nothing less than a decree for re-establishing the Roman republic, to his great joy he received an overture for a Concordat, and esteemed himself fortunate to be stripped of only the three Legations.* The Revolution, with all its demoralizing influences, had failed to extirpate religion in France, or to substitute any other for the old faith. But the clergy who had refused the constitutional oath were at war with the government, those who accepted it were not in communion with Rome. There was a schism in the Gallican Church. To the First Consul a schism was a formidable impediment to his ulterior design of securing to the State the support of the Church. To the Pope a schism like that of Henry VIII.—Popery without the Pope—is the most dangerous form of heresy. The Pope and the first Consul had equal need of each other, but on both sides there were difficulties. Many months had not passed since Buonaparte had taken credit, in his famous Egyptian proclamation, for having trampled under foot the vicar of the false prophet; and though it mattered little what the Turk thought of his consistency, his having done so with the applause of the army and his partisans in general showed how little they were disposed to sympathize with an attempt to re-establish papal authority in France.† More-

* Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna.

† How strong were the infidel party may be inferred from Mr. Protali's Report on the projected Concordat; the two first sections of which are occupied in proving, first, that some religion is desirable in France, and that, secondly, if so, that religion must be the Roman Catholic.

over, the constitutional prelates protested against submission to the Pope, and desired to vindicate the independence of the episcopate and the national church. The Pope on his part felt that he was deserting the cause of the orthodox clergy and sacrificing those who had sacrificed all for their obedience to the Holy See. But the greatness of the emergency overbore all minor considerations. The first step involved an unprecedented exertion of Papal authority, which, perhaps, as such, was not displeasing to the Court of Rome. As an indispensable preliminary to a new arrangement, it was stipulated that a new circumspection of the dioceses should be made by the Holy Father in concert with the French government, and this signified nothing less than that the whole body of prelates, constitutional and nonjurors, should be invited by the Pope to resign their sees, on the penalty of deprivation in case of noncompliance.

The affecting remonstrances and pertinacious opposition which this measure called forth, made it one of the most painful acts of the Pope's life. Many of the orthodox prelates, especially those who had taken refuge in England, refused to resign, or to acknowledge their deprivations; and the constitutional functionaries, in tendering their resignations, declined to admit their previous irregularity, or even inferentially to accept absolution. The Pope asked only for the most trifling and equivocal submission; but even this in some instances was denied.* However, the union of the supreme power of the church and the despotic power of the State carried the measure into practical effect, and the small remnant of opposition which could not be overcome it was prudent to overlook.

The Concordat is so well known, and its history has been so ably written, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here. Buonaparte, in his subsequent quarrels with the Pope, called it the greatest mistake of his life.† He was enraged that he could not secure the support of the clergy, and at the same time maintain an absolute independence of his supporters, and, as usual, he repined that he had not obtained inconsistent and incompatible

advantages. However, the Concordat answered his immediate purpose. It gave him all that Francis I. had obtained from Leo X., including the nomination to the vacant Bishoprics. The Pope retained that vital point of Papal supremacy, the right of institution. It was absolutely necessary to ratify the alienation of church property, and moreover to subject the public exercise of the Roman Catholic religion to such restrictions as the civil power might see fit to impose. This demand was made by the Consular government in good faith. They saw the danger and dreaded the ridicule of reviving immediately all the rites of the Church of the "ancien régime," and the Pope, who hesitated to give his ratification, fortunately found sensible theologians to assure him that it was lawful to grant as a concession what it would be heresy to lay down as a principle. To make the Concordat more palatable to the Legislative body and the laity in general, certain "organic laws" were subjoined, which embodied the celebrated declaration of 1682. Against this supplement the Pope thought it necessary to protest, but not so loudly as to endanger the stability of the great work he had just accomplished.

The sovereign Pontiff was still independent, but every day showed more strongly the danger of making concessions, and the difficulty of refusing them. Every courier brought some fresh demand from Paris, and the most ancient allies of the Holy See, and its most insignificant neighbors, were as importunate in their requisitions as its tyrannical protector. Spain refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Nuncio, and the President of the puny and ephemeral Republic of Lucca wrote to the Pope a letter of menacing bombast in ludicrous imitation of the dictatorial style of the Consular diplomacy. Nervously anxious to give no unnecessary offence, the government exalted into importance every trifle that might affect the susceptibility of the First Consul. His desire to engage Canova to execute some commissions at Paris was treated as a matter of state. In those days of violence artists and men of letters had sometimes shown an independence which statesmen dared not imitate. Canova deeply resented the treatment which his native country, Venice, had received at the hands of Buonaparte, and scarcely less acutely did he feel the wrongs sustained by

* Before Pius would perform the ceremony of the coronation he insisted on the conventional bishops signing a sort of implicit submission, but four refused to do even this, and he begged that they might not be admitted to the ceremony.

† Histoire des Quatre Concordats, par M. de Pradt.

Rome, the country of his adoption, in the plunder of her museums. When General Miollis, in insulting, or perhaps only thoughtless, triumph, said to him, "It is a noble marriage which we have made by uniting the Venus di Medici to the Apollo Belvidere at Paris," he replied with not less boldness than wit. "Si, signor Generale, ma in quel vostro clima di Francia non faranno mai figli" (In your French climate they will produce no progeny). On the present occasion the government exerted itself to overcome his scruples, with a zeal which proves how great was the terror that Buonaparte's despotism inspired.

For a brief space the French ruler had his reasons for keeping measures with the Pope. As time and success matured his schemes, he coveted the style of Emperor. He would be crowned, and the Pope must do it. To the last he imagined that by the Papal consecration he had strengthened his title, but the time was past when such a solemnity could impose on the multitude, and, in the eyes of thinking men, says M. de Pradt, "it lowered the Pope, while it failed to raise the Emperor, who, in truth, was consecrated only by his own sword." Pius felt that by his compliance he was betraying the cause of legitimacy, and his pledges to the exiled French Court—that he was giving mortal offence to all the crowned heads of Europe, an offence which nothing but his subsequent persecutions could have expiated. But he had staked all on the good-will of the new Emperor. From him he had every thing to fear; and from him alone he had any thing to hope. The restitution of the Legations was the bait held out. With hesitation, misgiving, shame, and reluctance he consented.

And now the Emperor of the French and King of Italy would no longer be content with the privileges that belonged to the "eldest son of the Church" and the "successor of St. Louis,"—he would be the representative of Charlemagne and the inheritor of all the undefined claims of his shadowy sceptre. Entirely ignorant of Church matters in the first instance, he had taken great interest in the negotiation of the Concordat, and the rapidity with which his quick administrative instinct had seized on the bearings of its various points, persuaded him he had a genius for ecclesiastical business. He insisted on regulating the dioceses of the

kingdom of Italy, and he repeatedly intimated in his letters to the Pope that he was a better friend to the Church, understood its affairs more accurately, and certainly dispatched them more expeditiously, than his Holiness himself. The Pope and his suite were deeply mortified at the disappointment of the hopes with which they had been lured to Paris. The Emperor's respect for the Papal court was not increased by a nearer acquaintance. They had parted more coldly than they met, and the breach widened daily. The Pope's Legate at Paris, Cardinal Caprara, cajoled or intimidated by the despot, lost his master's confidence. On the other hand, the French government refused to transact business with Consalvi, who in consequence was obliged to retire from office. The Pope complained that from the moment he had performed the act of complaisance which ought to have secured him the friendship of France forever, as by it he had sacrificed all other friendships, he had never had a respite from the menacing encroachments of the French government.

In the midst of all the splendors of his reception at Fontainebleau and at Paris there had been much to humiliate him and much to alarm. It is said that he had been sounded on the project of transferring the See to Avignon, and that it had been withdrawn only on his threatening an instant abdication. And now the Emperor put forth demands inconsistent with the very existence of the Papal See;* among others he required the Pope should forsake his position of universal father of Christendom, and become little more than the Imperial chaplain and vicar, excluding from his ports all nations who gave umbrage to the French government, and placing all his resources for offence and defence at its disposal. If this were refused (and refused it must be), it was obvious that he intended to occupy the Pontifical States. This long meditated act of spoliation was at last executed on the 2nd of February, 1808. On that memorable day, as the Pope calls it in his bull, an army of six thousand men under General Miollis, which had advanced towards the capital on pretence of reinforcing the army at Naples, treacherously seized

* He demanded the establishment of a patriarchate in France; toleration of all religions at Rome; abolition of convents; of the celibacy of the clergy the introduction of the Code Napoleon; and the coronation of Joseph as King of Naples.

the Porta del Popolo, and the Castle of St. Angelo, and took military possession of Rome.

On the arrest of Cardinal Gabrielli, the Pro-secretary of State, which not long afterwards took place by order of the French commandant, the Pope in his distress sent for Cardinal Pacca,* whose merits he had hitherto somewhat neglected. At least so the Cardinal thought; but he was too generous and too courageous to disregard his sovereign's call in the day of his need, to take the post of danger. The Pope's civil government was nominally still in existence. Cardinal Pacca draws a lamentable picture of its position when he became its ostensible head. The Cardinals from whom he might take counsel had, on various pretexts, been banished from Rome. The troops of the line, on the insulting plea that they should no longer be commanded by women or priests, had been enrolled in the French army. The Guardia Nobile had been arrested. The *Sbirraglia* (the police) obeyed no orders but those of the French General. The Swiss Guard were the only body who acknowledged the Pope's authority. The Treasury was exhausted by the exactions of the French; the Secretary of State had scarcely the means of writing a dispatch; his own officials were suborned; his correspondence was intercepted; and above all he knew that in executing the commands of his sovereign he was responsible to a foreign and hostile power. The Cardinal tells us he had determined to give no wilful provocation. The lamb resolved to speak the wolf fair; and the whole of his discussions with the French authorities are an illustration of that fable, which will never be out of date on this side of the Millennium. However, he was obliged to protest against the organization of a revolutionary force, under the name of "Civic Guard," and the practice of enrolling in it all the scoundrels who had incurred the penalties of

the law, and wished to secure impunity for the past and license for the future. And this was resented as an offence. One morning at the "Consulta" some French officers abruptly entered his apartment and brought him an order to leave Rome. Declining to obey any commands but those of his sovereign, he sent a note to the Pope to ask his pleasure. The palace of the Consulta is immediately opposite that of the Quirinal, where Pius always resided. Before the answer could be expected, the door was thrown open with violence, and the Pope himself stood before the astonished officials. Pius, Cardinal Pacca says, was, like Moses, the meekest of men; but he was a hearty believer in himself and in his divine commission; and he was in a state of uncontrollable agitation. For the first time, continues the Cardinal, "I saw a phenomenon of which all have heard, but few have witnessed. The hairs of his head stood erect, and his sight was dim with the violence of his indignation." He could scarcely speak; he did not seem at first to know his own Secretary; at last he grasped him by the hand, and saying, "Andiamo, Signor Cardinale," he led him down the great staircase and across the Piazza to his own palace, in the midst of the applause of the Papal household and of the crowd which, in expectation of some strange event, usually kept watch about the Sovereign's residence. Pius ordered the great gates of the palace to be closed, all communication with the town to be restricted to a postern, and a watch to be regularly set—not for the purpose of opposing force to force, but to establish that force had been employed. For ten long months this blockade continued, and the adverse parties remained in presence, waiting for the result of the chapter of accidents. There were three contingencies which might have suited the purposes of the French Commandant. If the Pope fled, his flight might be interpreted as an abdication of his rights, but the Pope turned a deaf ear to every proposal of escape. If a rising of the people, who were strongly attached to his person, could be provoked, the cry of Basseville, Duphot, and Sicilian Vespers would give the occasion and the pretext for every act of violence: the Pope well knew this; and what little influence he possessed was exerted to keep the people quiet. Or lastly, a revolution might be effected, and the patriots might

* To Cardinal Pacca we are indebted for the best and most faithful account of all that occurred since he came to office. He is not the less trustworthy because he does not attempt to conceal his prejudices. He professes himself unable to understand why so salutary an institution as the Holy Office (the Inquisition) is so detested and calumniated; and the aversion with which sovereigns regard bulls and briefs from Rome, "eschewing them as they would papers infected with the plague," is, he declares, inconceivable ("inconcepibile"). Cooks never can, nor ever will, understand why eels object to be skinned,

again plant the tree of liberty in the Capitol. But all the well-known machinery for manufacturing revolutions had failed.* The loyalty of the populace amounted to enthusiasm, and the ferocity of the Trasteverini and the Montagnuoli made patriotism a dangerous trade. The French government grew weary—at ten o'clock on the 10th of June, with a loud discharge of artillery, the Papal flag was lowered, and the French tricolor was hoisted in its place on the Castle of S. Angelo. With the sound of trumpets and with every mark of military triumph the change of government was proclaimed. In a decree, dated from Vienna, on the 17th of the preceding May, which might seem to be penned in derision, but which probably put forth what the Emperor seriously thought the most colorable pretext, for he knew just enough of history to pervert it, he states that "his august predecessor Charlemagne" had given to the Popes their dominions merely as fiefs, and that the experiment of uniting the temporal to the ecclesiastical power having failed, he now resumes the grant and reannexes the forfeited fiefs to the Empire. The Pope had long been prepared for this crisis—the bull of excommunication was ready; one clause only remained to be added. It had not been foreseen whether the violent abduction of the Pope would precede or would follow the confiscation of his dominions. The clause was soon added; and a man was found bold enough to affix the bull to the gates of the three great Basilicas and the other usual places of publication, in broad daylight, when the churches were filling for Vespers; he escaped undiscovered, and lived to be rewarded at the restoration.

The bull "*Quum Memoranda*," so much talked of and so little read, is feeble and diffuse; its prolixity may be excused by the number of the grievances it had to record; but it fails to make the most of so strong a case. The Pope's unwillingness to give up his dominions cannot need to be defended by the example of Naboth,† nor are the cases

parallel. Unlike Naboth, the Pope was offered no equivalent, nor indeed any indemnification whatever. The excommunication had been wisely delayed till the last outrage had been committed, and public opinion was prepared to sympathize with this extreme and almost obsolete exertion of the spiritual power. Though ridiculed by the anti-papal and philosophical party, the bull had acquired by the Concordat a value they could not deny. It was received with delight by the enemies of the new dynasty, and restored the Pope to that place in the estimation of Europe which his previous compliances had forfeited. In fact, it has generally passed for an act of greater daring than it actually was, for excommunication is naturally associated in our minds with the spiritual thunderbolts of the Innocents and Gregories of olden time. But this document is couched in much milder phrase; its censures are general; no names are mentioned; no outlawry from social rights, no dissolution of political ties is pronounced; no interdict is imposed. It was indeed a bull better suited to a reasoning (not to say sceptical) age, and to the captive Pope's mild temper and dependent position; but had the spiritual arms with which his predecessors made their temporal acquisitions in the middle ages been always thus blunted, Pius in the nineteenth century would have had no temporal dominions to defend. The Pope himself, M. Artaud tells us, in a subsequent letter to the Emperor, concluded with the apostolical benediction, by which he stultified, or if he chose so to interpret it, implicitly revoked his previous act. The cardinals at Paris made no scruple of attending the mass of the excommunicated sovereign, and though the bull continued to be talked of by the clergy in the course of these disputes, the Pope never ventured to treat it as a reality, by enforcing or withdrawing it.

Such as it was, however, it was quite unexpected by the French General, and brought matters to an immediate crisis. The Pope could no longer remain in Rome. The only difficulty was, how to get possession of his person without tumult or bloodshed, and for this purpose secrecy and surprise were necessary. By daylight the papal residence was watched by a curious crowd. At night the guard kept within the walls was on the alert. Accordingly the dawn of day, on the 6th of July, was chosen for the escalade; and troops,

* When the French General had insisted on continuing the usual amusements of the Carnival in defiance of the Pope's edict to the contrary, his invitations were disregarded, and the Corso remained a desert.

† It is not impossible that these defects of the bull may be attributed to the uncertainty as to the facts in which it was written: possibly the comparison of Naboth may have been suggested by an apprehension that some sort of exchange might be offered to the Pope in France or elsewhere.

among which was a considerable auxiliary force from Naples, were placed so as to prevent interruption on the part of the populace. M. Artaud tells us he has seen General Miollis's order to General Radet for this operation. (Vol. III. p. 92.) It is obscure and confused, and full of erasures. It seems in express words to command the arrest of only Cardinal Pacca. But Radet knew well what he had to do, and he executed it with dexterity. The Cardinal, and others of the attendants on duty, had just retired to rest, believing that all danger for that night was past, when they were aroused by the noise of the attack, and had barely time to call the Holy Father and to hurry on their clothes before a forcible entrance into the palace was effected. When the French General had penetrated into the Pope's apartment he found him standing between two cardinals, and his attendants ranged on either side. For a few moments there was a dead silence; the General was pale and agitated; he said afterwards that as long as he was climbing walls and breaking down doors it was all very well, but when he suddenly saw the Pope standing before him, somehow his "first communion" came into his mind—at last, when he spoke he hesitated as one who has difficulty to find words to convey his meaning. But the purpose for which he came needed no explanation. Pius spoke with dignity, but yielded at once; resistance could only have provoked further outrage.

The Pope gave a list of the attendants whom he wished to follow him, and he was hurried into a travelling carriage, accompanied only by the Cardinal Secretary. To prevent the demand (which it would have been difficult to refuse, and impossible to grant) for time to make due preparation, he was given to understand that he was to be conveyed only to Palazzo Doria, the head-quarters of General Miollis. The carriage issued from Rome by the Porta Salara, and skirted the walls till it reached the Porta del Popolo, where Post-horses were in waiting. The Pope and the Cardinal were in their habits of ceremony; they had not with them even a change of linen; and, on comparing the state of their purses, the aggregate of their wealth did not amount to eighteen pence. At the post-houses where they stopped to change horses the Pope was at once recognized by his dress, and attracted so much attention that Radet

was obliged to request his Holiness to pull down the blinds, and thus to exclude every breath of air under the burning heat of a July sun. Radicofani was their first halting-place. The inn was then just what those who first travelled after the peace remember it. Nothing had been prepared; the Cardinal, in his robes, helped the servant-maid to make the Pope's bed and to lay out his supper, such as it was. The general had positive orders to resume the journey with the dawn; but Pius absolutely refused to move till his attendants arrived. General Radet, in sore perplexity, and much disquieted by the crowds of peasantry which the strange news of the Pope's advent attracted to the spot, rather than employ force ventured to disobey his orders, and delay his departure till the arrival of the suite towards evening. At Poggibonsi the carriage at starting was driven, perhaps by the unskilfulness of the postillions, as Cardinal Pacca surmises, but more probably by their nervousness, over a heap of stones, and was overturned. It was impossible to prevent the crowd from rushing forward to assist the Holy Father (who fortunately was not hurt), and to kiss his hands, his feet, his robes. It was lucky for General Radet that the mob contented itself with vociferating at the highest pitch of their voices, "Cani, cani!" and lucky that the escort abstained from provoking further uproar by resenting this insult. Whatever mishap had occurred would have been imputed to his disobedience of orders at Radicofani. At Florence, Pius was received at the Certosa, in the same apartment which had sheltered his unhappy predecessor; and here at least he hoped for rest; but in the middle of the night he was hurried off to Turin, and from thence to Grenoble. The French government seems to have been much embarrassed what to do with its captive; perhaps it was alarmed at the warm reception he met with in France. The weary prisoner was suddenly dragged back to Turin, and from thence to Savona, while Pacca, who was believed to have written the bull of excommunication, was sent alone to the Alpine state prison of Fenestrelles.

Cardinal Wiseman, in alluding to all this violence, at the close of several pages of unintelligible bombast, comes to the conclusion that "no doubt his (the Pope's) violent removal from Rome was not commanded by the Emperor, and still less could he have in-

tended the rudeness, irreverence, and sacrilegiousness of the mode in which it was done (p. 76)." For this hypothesis he seems to assign no better reason than that the restorer of Papal power in France can do no wrong. But it is true that M. de Pradt,* on the authority of Marshal Bessières, endeavors to throw the blame of this outrage on Murat, to whom was intrusted much of the direction of Italian affairs, and M. Artaud, in his "Life of Pius VIII." (p. 352), has since produced evidence to confirm his statements. But even if this version of the story is accepted, it is worth nothing as a defence to Napoleon. When he ordered the annexation of the Papal states he must have foreseen the necessity of removing the Pope from his capital, and he must have left to his subordinates a discretionary power expressed or implied. He well knew what they would be compelled to do; and if he omitted to furnish them with precise instructions, it is no diminution of his responsibility that he thus reserved to himself the right of disavowing them, or of complaining, as he did in his conversation with Bessières, of their want of dexterity, because they did not accomplish the impracticable feat of taking the Pope prisoner without shocking the feelings of Catholic Europe. He could not have supposed that the Pope's removal would be voluntary, nor was he ignorant that a forcible and secret abduction could not be effected without "rudeness and irreverence." He neither disavowed his agents expressly in words nor inferentially by his actions. The treatment of the captive Pope at Savona, varying in rigor according to the degree of resistance he displayed, was of a piece with the violence with which he had been transported thither; and when he was conveyed to Fontainebleau some years later the removal was characterized not only by irreverence, but by cruelty. General Radet, as we have seen, incurred no slight risk by softening the severity of his orders; and he always conceived himself to have executed his commission with as much delicacy as its painful nature allowed. Cardinal Pacca confirms his statement, and adds that he ventured gently to take the Holy Father to task for treating his reluctant gaoler with less than his usual gentleness.†

* Histoire des Quatre Concordats.

† Radet has left his own narrative, which in no important point differs from Pacca's. M. Artaud says that the General was so well satisfied with his

At Savona the Episcopal palace was assigned for the Papal residence, and there the Pope spent nearly the next three years of his captivity.

We cannot see why Cardinal Wiseman thinks it necessary to exalt the patience of his hero by sneering at the deportment of Charles I. and Louis XVI. In comparing their fate with that of Pius, he tauntingly tells us, "Such a prisoner—such a captive [as the Pope]—creates no scenes, gives no impassioned pictures for the pencil or the pen. You cannot invest him with the pathos of St. James's or the Temple, nor get soft or tender speeches or dialogues out of him." "There is nothing dramatic" in his sufferings. Does our author mean to say that the words or actions of these illustrious secular victims were calculated for stage effect. Pius's imprisonment was not dramatic, because there was no subject for a drama—there was no tragedy! Does not he see that he weakens our sympathy for his hero by comparing his trials with those of a sovereign daily expecting a violent and ignominious death at the hands of his own subjects, and leaving all that is most dear to him on earth to the mercy of those who had shown they never knew mercy? Truly the situation of Pius resembled theirs as much as an uneasy couch resembles the rack.

The Pope's life at Savona has been represented as frivolous or heroic, according to the prejudices of the narrator. The French prelates who were placed about him as spies used to complain of the meanness of his employments, and the tediousness of his "historiettes" of Tivoli and of Imola. But how few were the safe topics of conversation, and how natural was it for the persecuted old man to turn to the only tranquil periods of his existence! After all, how many men of superior intellect have found occasional relief in "twaddle!" We should be sorry to measure Lord Eldon's understanding by the jests which he has deliberately recorded in his note-book, and which have been published own conduct in this business, that he had a picture painted, in which he is represented as standing in a respectful attitude before his Holiness. Pius, however, always resented General Radet's conduct. After the restoration Radet solicited permission to come to Rome, and to retain his estate of S. Pastor, which had once belonged to a Dominican convent. Cardinal Consalvi told the French ambassador that he dared not recall to his Holiness's recollection so painful a remembrance, and the estate of S. Pastor was instantly restored to S. Dominic.

by his biographer. Some have related as a proof of saint-like patience—Cardinal Pacca denies it as a calumny—that the Pope used occasionally to mend and wash parts of his own linen. M. Artaud, one of his warmest admirers, tells us (vol. iii. p. 69) that he did so to avoid being scolded for the stains of snuff by his personal attendants. This is far from improbable. Insulated as a Pope is by his exalted rank, he is often impelled by the natural craving for human sympathy to permit an undue familiarity with his servants. But whatever may have been the motives which induced Pius to resume the humble occupations of his conventual life, we see nothing in the act that is either sublime or ridiculous. He was old; a close prisoner (for he refused the little liberty that was allowed him); in feeble health; and probably indisposed by corroding care for intellectual exertion; what wonder if he experienced the immense relief that is afforded under such circumstances by slight manual occupation?—a relief so great that, under the many hardships imposed on woman by her subordinate position, it goes far to equalize her lot with that of her tyrant, man. All this, we grant Cardinal Wiseman, is not dramatic, but nevertheless, in spite of the sneers of detractors, and the exaggerations of eulogists, Pius bore his sufferings with the patience which is the true dignity of those who are unable to resist.

No doubt Napoleon had from the first looked forward to the time when the march of events would force Pius or his successor to accept a nominal sovereignty at Avignon, and a palace at Paris, but, in the mean time, there were matters of extreme urgency that required adjustment. The Pope had not imitated the Venetian Signory, who released their subjects from their allegiance when they saw their provinces overrun by the resistless hosts of the League of Cambray. Such humane temporizing he deemed inadmissible when the interests of the Church were at stake. He desired to leave every impediment in the way of the usurping government. He anathematized the oaths they imposed, and denounced the compliances they exacted. He was a martyr himself, and expected his subjects to follow in the path of martyrdom. The Emperor was not less obstinate; the prisons were full of recusants, and the distress and perplexity were extreme. But

there was a farther difficulty which caused a more wide-spread confusion. The Concordat had reserved to the Pope the institution of bishops. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century this right has generally been conceded to the Holy See, and forms its chief instrument of coercion in dealing with the civil power. In early times the Gallican Church struggled long for independence. By the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, the right of episcopal election was secured to the Chapters, that of institution to the Metropolitan; this was agreeable neither to Pope nor King. By the Concordat of 1516, between Leo X. and Francis I., the power of naming the bishops was assigned to the crown, that of instituting to the Roman See. This much coveted power of conferring institution involves the right of withholding it at pleasure, and thus enables the pontiff, when he chooses to think himself aggrieved, to strike the national church with paralysis, till the distress thus occasioned compels the government to come to terms. During the quarrels of Clement XI. with Louis XIV. for eleven years the bulls of institution were withheld, and thirty-two dioceses were deprived of their legitimate pastors. Pius, since his captivity, had abstained from all exercise of the pontifical office; many sees were vacant, and he formally condemned the expedient of governing the dioceses by capitular vicars. It was loudly demanded that the Pope should correct what was now called the error of the Concordat, and give up the right of withholding institution. M. de Pradt's arguments against the fitness of entrusting such a power to the Pope are unanswerable, but they are equally cogent against all the other usurpations of Rome. Napoleon underrated the character of Pius, both moral and intellectual. He believed that, when deprived of his counsellors, his firmness would fail, and that he would consent to whatever was urged on him with sufficient importunity. But the captive Pope made his insulation a reason for refusing any answer. It was necessary to give him counsellors who could be trusted. Five cardinals, who were known to be subservient to the Emperor's views, were dispatched to Savona. Monsignor Bertazzoli, whose fidelity to the Pope was unsuspected, but who was notoriously the most timid of churchmen, was sent to work on his master's fears by exhibiting his own. In Paris a na-

tional council was called to extort the Pope's compliance, or to provide some substitute for it, if refused. A deputation from this body waited on him at Savona. From every quarter calamitous pictures were presented of the state of the church deprived of its lawful pastors. The bugbear of schism was again and again presented to his eyes; the sufferings which his faithful counsellors endured on account of his obstinacy were urged with importunity. The Pope yielded, and put his signature to a Bull, which was thought by the Emperor's commissioners to grant all that was needed; but their master was not satisfied. Suddenly, and with the most extraordinary precautions to ensure secrecy, Pius was again hurried across the Alps. At the hospice on the Mont Cenis he was so ill that he received the viaticum; but his conductors were not permitted to delay his journey, nor was he allowed once to leave the carriage* till it brought him more dead than alive to Fontainebleau. The Emperor now demanded in substance a new Concordat, by which the power of institution was transferred to the metropolitan in the event of the Pope's delaying to exercise it beyond six months; and moreover the papal sanction for the oaths he imposed, for the various acts of papal authority he had performed,† and for his usurpation of the dominions of the see. He again tried his own personal influence, and the effect of mingled threats and flattery. The Pope always denied the personal violence which has been imputed to his persecutor in one of these interviews, but he admitted that the Emperor spoke very harshly, and accused him of being ignorant of ecclesiastical affairs. (Pacca, iii. p. 96.) Exhausted, bewildered, terrified, cajoled, Pius yielded at length. He put his hand to the fatal document, and he believed, or tried to believe, he had signed only the basis of a future agreement: all now was congratulation and jubilee. The imprisoned cardinals were instantly released. The Sacred College, who had been obliged to reside at Paris including both the red cardinals, who were allowed to wear the usual dress of their rank, and the black, who were deprived of it

* The Pope was shut up with the carriage in the coach house during the few halts that were permitted, and there his food was brought him.—Vide Pacca and Artaud.

† The French commandant at Rome got possession of the fisherman's ring, and publicly gave out he would seal with it all papers to which it had usually been affixed.—Artaud, vol. ii. p. 387.

because they had refused to attend the Emperor's marriage, were permitted to form a sort of court around the captive pontiff at Fontainebleau.

When Cardinal Pacca arrived from Fenes-trelles he found the Pope sunk in the deepest dejection. His health, and even his mind, seemed affected. He received his faithful minister with indifference, almost with coldness; "*Ci siamo sporcificati*," he exclaimed, by the coarseness of the expression marking the recklessness of his despair. He could neither eat nor sleep; nor did he show the slightest symptom of amendment till it was suggested to him that a remedy for his error was yet possible. With the utmost secrecy he wrote with his own hand a formal letter to the Emperor, in which he solemnly revoked his concessions; and to give this revocation all the publicity possible, he read it to each of the cardinals separately, and made it the subject of an allocution addressed to them collectively in Consistory. It has been said that the Pope urged the most frivolous pretexts for repudiating his own act. He urged no pretext at all save that he had erred as dust and ashes will err, that he repented, and that Pasqual II. had done exactly the same thing. M. de Pradt retorts that the times of the papal contests with the house of Swabia do not furnish the best precedents, and that if repentance were a valid reason for revoking a promise, all contracts between man and man must cease. His reasoning would be unanswerable if the Pope had been a free agent, but the force that had been put on him was notorious to all Europe, and he carried public sympathy with him even in an apparent breach of faith.

For some days the captive court waited in extreme anxiety, the result of the violent measure they conceived they had taken. The course adopted by government was so adroit that we could fancy it had been suggested by M. de Talleyrand. In M. Scribe's clever play of "*Bertrand and Raton*," Bertrand (M. de Talleyrand) is made to say, "I have given them my advice in this emergency, and I think they will take it." "What have you advised them to do?"—"Nothing." It was precisely this "nothing" which defeated the calculations of the Pope and his advisers, and stifled the publicity they wished to give to their protest. The only answer the Imperial government made was to publish the

new Concordat as the law of the empire. However, as the Pope and his court had shown a disposition to be mischievous, their liberty was restricted; the cardinals were admonished not to meddle with business; and Cardinal di Pietro, the head of the "Zelanti" or high church party, was sent *in terrorem* to a distant prison.

In other respects there was a respite from persecution. We are now arrived at the year 1813, and the Emperor was preparing for his great German campaign, which involved his final struggle with confederated Europe. As time wore on, the Pope, in spite of the concealments of the "Moniteur," obtained intelligence of the French reverses. He might have guessed them from the Emperor's anxiety to effect a reconciliation with him, and the improved terms that each time were offered. But statesmen and prelates tried to open negotiations in vain: even "ladies interposed," and they too were repulsed.* The Pope felt his advantage, and refused to treat anywhere but at Rome. As the allies approached Fontainebleau his removal to his own dominions was ordered, and before he reached the frontier the power of his persecutor was no more. Once more he journeyed through his own states in triumph. His solemn entry into Rome was made on the 24th of May, with unusual splendor, and with much real rejoicing. The Neapolitan troops had not yet evacuated the town, and it was remarkable, even in this age of revolutions, that General Pignatelli, who had been sent from Naples to assist General Radet in his attack on the Quirinal, how escorted the triumphal procession of the restored Sovereign Pontiff.

Cardinal Consalvi was instantly sent to England to meet the allied sovereigns, and to anticipate all other negotiators in urging on all who had any influence the entire restoration of the dominations of the Holy See. On this occasion Cardinal Wiseman taunts "the haughty and selfish George of England with breaking through all the bonds of præmunire and penal statutes, and the vile etiquettes of three hundred years," by his reception of a papal envoy. That he could break through them with safety, and even applause, is an answer in full to the sneers at

his Protestant countrymen with which the Cardinal's book is filled. The English are the last people to be enslaved by etiquettes; and as the Cardinal seems to have read no History of England but Dr. Lingard's, he must permit us to offer a few words in explanation of the statutes which he so stigmatizes. They were enacted, in the first place, to protect the life of Queen Elizabeth, who was more constantly the object of plots than the late sovereign of France. They were maintained by her successor, who had no wish to be blown up together with his parliament. They were enforced by the people, when they suspected they were betrayed by Charles II., and when they found themselves betrayed by his brother. They were reënacted by William, who wished to give a pledge that no sovereign in future should prove false to the Protestant constitution. The cordial welcome of Consalvi by the English people proves that they regarded the spirit of the law, and not the letter. Never was there a time when the Roman Catholic religion was looked on so favorably in this country. It was believed to have lost its bigoted and exclusive character. The sufferings of the French emigrant clergy had attracted universal sympathy; the persecution of the Pope by England's greatest enemy had raised him to the rank of an ally and a martyr. That this state of things exists no longer is a subject of deep regret; but the Cardinal and his co-religionists alone must bear the blame. Ever since the admission of the Roman Catholics to power, a party in the House of Commons who are nominated by the Irish priesthood have pursued the objects of that body, to the exclusion, and even to the subversion, of all national interests. This section, though numerically weak, yet in the nice balance of parties exercises an undue influence over the legislature. It was improperly courted by the Whigs, by whose ignorance, perhaps, rather than ill intention, successive encroachments were encouraged till they culminated in the Papal aggression. It may be, and no doubt will be, courted again by future administrations; and it is to guard against the failing virtue of our statesmen that the people refuse to surrender any more of those "etiquettes" which Cardinal Wiseman thinks so contemptible.

Cardinal Consalvi subsequently repaired to Vienna to advocate his master's cause at the

* Mme. Brignole, one of the Empress's ladies, whom Cardinal Pacca calls an ambassadress truly extraordinary, was sent to propose a reconciliation.

Congress. The return of Napoleon from Elba caused no further inconvenience to Pius than a hasty flight to Genoa in the middle of the Holy Week, to avoid the approach of his troublesome neighbor Murat, who to his infinite relief subsequently lost the crown of Naples for his pains; and on the whole it was favorable to his interests in the Congress. This event, it is said, impressed the allies with the necessity of returning as nearly as possible to the original state of things. The Cardinal availed himself with dexterity of the arguments it afforded in support of his master's claims. He was aided powerfully by schismatic Russia and heretical England; there was no longer any question of Murat's retaining the march of Ancona: and Austria, though with reluctance and with the reserve of two fortresses, consented to surrender the Legations.

Thus Consalvi accomplished more than the most sanguine friends of the See of Rome could have hoped, and the Pope for the first time entered into the full possession of his States. With his persecutions terminates the chief interest of Pius's life. But the busy part of his reign only commences. One important act which he had long meditated in his captivity took precedence of all others. Cardinal Pacca tells us that, in the extremity of his penitential despair, he exclaimed, at Fontainebleau, "I shall die mad, like Clement XIV." There are three versions of Clement's death. At the time it was generally believed that he was poisoned by the Jesuits in revenge for their suppression. The rationalistic theory was that the perpetual alarm in which he lived, and the unwholesome diet which he resorted to in the dread of poison, hastened his end. That which was industriously circulated by the reverend fathers themselves was, that he was driven mad by remorse for having betrayed the Church by the destruction of its strongest bulwark. When we hear that this last was the opinion held by Pius VII., it is easy to foresee his intentions with respect to the Society of Jesus. He had already permitted the dispersed brethren to reassemble in Russia, in 1800, at the request of the Emperor Paul, and also in Sicily, in the year 1804, at the request of Ferdinand. Among zealous churchmen a notion had for some time been gaining ground that the abolition of the order had hastened the French revolution and the fall of the Church. This was a

mistake—the dislike and fear which the Jesuits inspired had greatly contributed to foster the anti-religious spirit which subsequently overwhelmed both Church and State: and an attempt to save them would only have accelerated the general ruin. But the Sacred College, though many of them had been vehemently opposed to the Jesuits (and of those Pacca tells us he was one), were now unanimous in their favor, with the sole exception of Consalvi. He alone was opposed to a measure which he saw would excite a general clamor against the restored Papacy; but in matters purely ecclesiastical he was not all powerful, and he was overborne. Before any of the allied powers could remonstrate—while public attention was riveted on events so important that even the restoration of the Jesuits attracted little notice—while Consalvi was engaged in negotiating at Vienna, on the 7th August, 1814, the bull "Sollicitudo omnium ecclesiarum" undid the work of Clement's famous bull, "Dominus ac Redemptor noster." Pius went in state to the Church of the Gesù, and the Jesuits were restored to all their privileges.

On the Pope's restoration the relations of the Holy See with foreign Courts all required to be renewed or remodelled, and the subjects of dispute were endless. No power could persuade the restored king of Naples to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Pope, and to pay the tribute of the China.* Murat, while his crown was yet trembling on his head, was as ready as Charles of Anjou, some centuries before him, to acknowledge any thing, or promise any thing, if the Pope by his sanction would consent to strengthen his title. But Ferdinand owed the recovery of his dominions to the allied sovereigns; and he would yield nothing to the Pope from whom he had nothing to expect. To relate the ecclesiastical negotiations of the Roman See during the reigns of Pius and his successors, would be to give the Church history of Europe during the period. Suffice it to say that the general result was an important advance towards the recovery of its former power. The times were singularly favorable for the revival of Papal pretensions. The misfortunes of the Pope had disarmed jealousy and had excited sympathy. Addresses and congratulations flowed in from all parts, and the Papal court,

* The white palfrey which was annually presented at the feast of the Ascension.

with its usual dexterity, affected to accept the expressions of voluntary attachment and respect as the tribute of bounden duty and service.

In France, the return of the emigrant clergy brought discontent and confusion. There had always been in that country a party "ipso Papa Papalior" who would not acknowledge the usurper's Concordat, and thus reinforced, to the Pope's infinite joy, they clamored for its abolition, and desired the reëstablishment of the ancient sees. The result was the Concordat of 1817—a changeling which no party dared own or present to the Chambers, and the clergy petitioned for its execution in vain. Thus no longer in harmony with the body of the people, the Church threw itself into the arms of the ultra-royalists, and both sought the alliance of Rome. And accordingly the spread of ultramontane opinions in France, the country of all others once the most opposed to them, has of late years been prodigious.

Throughout Europe the Protestant states were for the first time brought into close relations with the See of Rome: many of them had received accessions of territory, the inhabitants of which were Roman Catholics, and they desired Concordats. For England alone chooses to be ignorant that, when Romanism is only the creed of a tolerated minority, not less than when it is the religion of the State, it is necessary to establish certain limits within which the authority of the Pope shall be exercised. If this is neglected, the plenitude of papal power is virtually directed by the national Roman Catholic hierarchy, and gives them a preponderance which makes them formidable to the Protestant government, and despotic over the laity of their own persuasion.

Important as were these negotiations abroad, at home the Pope's cares were more anxious still. What had been done in 1800 was a rehearsal of the part he had now to play, but the difficulties were greater than any amount of experience could suffice to overcome. The throne of a restored sovereign is no bed of roses. His feelings are ever at war with his interests. The faithless are too many to be punished, the faithful too many to be rewarded. It is said, on the Pope's passage through Cesena, Joachim, still king of Naples, solicited an interview, and showed him a memorial, numerously signed, professing to

come from the nobility and people of Rome, and expressing their strong desire to live under a secular prince. The Pope threw the paper unread into the fire. (*Artquid*, iii., p. 82.) But some had sinned past forgiveness. It is disappointing to hear that his old friend Marconi, despairing of his patron's fortunes, had become a courtier at the Tuileries, where nothing was given without value received; and had been induced to take a part against his benefactor, which could not be forgotten. It was not without difficulty that he was permitted to return to Rome.*

In the Roman States it was necessary to reorganize the constitution and the law. The Code Napoleon and the French laws of succession had been introduced. The old law and the feudal regulations respecting real property, could not be reëstablished without considerable modifications. Every thing was expected from the new government, which was perplexed by the inconsistent outcries for renovation and restoration. Cardinal Consalvi had given to the Congress at Vienna a pledge to reform the administration. Unfortunately nothing better occurred to him than the bureaucratic centralization of which he had found the model in France. No form of administration is more adverse to the gradual education of the people for self-government, none is less favorable to the stability of the constitution. When the nation is represented by the capital, the fate of an empire depends on the success of a casual riot, a mutiny of Prætorian guards, or an intrigue in the *Segregio*. But we can hardly blame the Pope's Minister for adopting a system which is recommended by the example of the vast and disjointed empires of Russia, Austria, Prussia and Spain, and which is beginning to find favor even in democratic England.

In former days the Roman provinces were administered by a Supreme Board, which assumed the title of *Buon Governo*, and was presided over by a Cardinal, but which interfered little with the local authorities, and rarely reversed their decisions. At that time there existed between the central power and

* Marconi married a very handsome woman, whose beauty and whose diamonds were seen in all crowded parties at Rome for some years after the peace. Marconi was extravagant and speculated, but his speculations were no longer fortunate; he died poor. His widow still lives in the deep seclusion of a convent. His villa at Frascati is an inn, and a very good one.

the provinces a mutual confidence which, in the interval of French annexation, was destroyed. Rome lost its prestige. It ceased to be the seat of an opulent government, and it never could be the centre of manufactures and trade. The provinces, as constituent parts of a great empire, had learned to feel their importance. Their wealth and intelligence were increased, their ambition was roused, their interests were distinct, and they repined at being compelled to support the dominant priesthood with the fruits of their industry. The system which Buonaparte had found so effectual when the main spring was directed by a genius like his own, was entirely inoperative when administered by the dilatory habits and suspicious temper of a priestly oligarchy. Stories were circulated of the ludicrous inconveniences which had arisen from the necessity of referring questions requiring instantaneous decision to distant and procrastinating boards; and it was loudly complained that the industry of the provinces was paralyzed by the arrogance of the capital and the incapacity of the government.

Consalvi was a careless financier, indifferent to the public burdens, and anxious only to tide over the evils he was unable to remove, trusting to-morrow would make up the shortcomings of to-day. The Church was clamorous for the restitution of her endowments, but in deference to public opinion, backed by the example of France, it was necessary to show some respect to the claims of actual possessors. Where no great changes had been made, and the property could be easily identified, it was restored to its original owners on making a compensation to the occupiers. So vague a regulation could not be carried out without the accusation, and, in fact, the reality, of much partiality and injustice; and to make this compensation, a debt of twelve millions of dollars was contracted,* which has ever since been on the increase, but its amount can only be surmised, as no account of it is ever rendered to the public. A further sum of two millions, given by France under the title of indemnification for the loss occasioned by the French occupation, was, to the infinite disappointment of those who thought they had

* This was done by Monsignori Rivarola and Giustiniani (both afterwards cardinals) when Consalvi was absent; but whether the Cardinal Secretary sanctioned so important a measure, or allowed it to be carried without his sanction, he is equally responsible for it.

claims on the government, diverted from its original purpose, and spent by Consalvi on entertainments to the sovereigns who visited Rome, the restoration of public buildings, and the erection of that beautiful portion of the Vatican Museum known by the name of Braccio Nuovo. The minister evidently aspired to raise the popedom to the level of the traditions, still unforgotten, of the splendid but unfortunate Braschi. The times, however, were changed. The wealth of a credulous world was no longer poured into the Roman treasury. The habit of paying money, when once discontinued, is with difficulty resumed. Spain and Spanish America were devoted in their expressions of obedience, but they kept their dollars to themselves, and, while revenue diminished, expenditure increased. Throughout Italy the discontents which are inseparable from a restoration, and the aspirations which are necessarily caused by previous revolutions, had given rise to secret societies and conspiracies. The revolution of Naples caused the Pope expense as well as anxiety. The disturbances in Romagna, which clouded the last years of his reign, were a further drain on the treasury. Zeal must be rewarded, information must be purchased, enemies must be propitiated. The revolutions in Spain and Portugal were watched with anxiety, and the exhausted coffers of the Vatican were further taxed to support the cause of orthodoxy and legitimacy in those countries.

The Pope, enfeebled by age and suffering, distrustful at all times of his own judgment, and taught by his weakness at Fontainebleau a lesson of diffidence which he never forgot, can hardly be blamed if he trusted all to the friend who had been his staff and support from the first. Consalvi was virtually the sovereign of Rome; nor must it be attributed exclusively to ambition if he called on none of his colleagues of the Sacred College to share his power. Those who rated their claims the highest were unfitted to coöperate with him by the rigidity of their principles. He was as much bent as any of them on restoring the Roman See to its former preëminence; but while he was satisfied with obtaining what was possible, and would yield trifles to gain essentials, they would have lost the end while disputing about the means, and, like all High Church parties, would have sacrificed the substance in an attempt to secure the shadow.

So much power brought the Cardinal a world of jealousy, and the hatred of the whole state, lay and ecclesiastical. Nor can it be denied that, in spite of many pleasing and some noble qualities, his unpopularity was not wholly undeserved. He undertook more than it was in the power of any one man to perform, and he trusted those who had perhaps a claim on his affections, but did not merit his confidence. Not less graceful and winning in his address than he was commanding in his personal appearance, not less supple in finding expedients and suggesting compromises than he was persevering and even obstinate in pursuing the object in view, he possessed, to an extraordinary degree, the art of leading others, and yet he himself was notoriously ruled by his valet. Personally above all suspicion of corruption, he did not hesitate to employ the means which he disdained, and the government of an incorruptible minister was corrupt. He was a good Italian in the best sense of the word, and deserved well of Rome, with whose glory he completely identified himself. Though born in the provinces, and of no very distinguished family, he felt no mean jealousy of the dominant city and its exclusive aristocracy. Hence the many noble works which attest his patronage of art and his administrative talents, though, of course, all are labelled for posterity with the name of his master, Pius VII.

In a Cardinal it must be accounted a merit that he was a thorough churchman. His liberality of sentiment, so vaunted by the travelling English, and so reprehended by his colleagues, was little more than a varnish which assisted him to conceal his purposes. At the Duchess of Devonshire's house he met foreigners of all nations, and in the course of familiar conversation he could hint what, in a formal interview, would have had no propriety, and would have obtained no credence. Few English tourists of any distinction but had some lively and graceful saying of the Cardinal's to quote as a proof of his liberal statesmanship. His grand object was to promote the cause of the "Catholic emancipation," and he had the art to persuade the English that they were treated at Rome with distinction, and that a change had taken place in the spirit of the Papacy, when they were allowed to hire a large room, wherein to meet, and to hear read by some travelling clergyman of their own persuasion the prayers of their

national liturgy. Our author attributes the reëstablishment of the college at which he received his education to the gratitude which his Holiness felt for the assistance he had received from the English government. That his intentions were benevolent there is no doubt, and that he believed the spread of Romanism in this country would ultimately conduce to its true interests may be fairly presumed. But Pius, or, at least his accomplished minister, was too shrewd a statesman to overlook the political inconveniences of dissent, and he must have known that to infuse fresh activity into the small minority of Roman Catholic Dissenters in England was not the best means of showing his gratitude to its Protestant government.

Not even the popes and cardinals who have been immortalized by the pencils of the great masters of the Cinquecento looked their parts better than Pius and his minister. Of this future generations may judge, for Sir T. Lawrence has surpassed himself in the portraits of them which he painted for Windsor Castle. We cannot entirely agree in the admiration which Cardinal Wiseman more than once (pp. 56 and 212) in his pages claims for the extraordinary beauty, the "regal aspect," the sanctified demeanor of the Sacred College; but there are always some striking heads among them, and of these we never remember to have seen any, in life or on canvas, since Bentivoglio was painted by Vandyke, that so completely as Consalvi realizes the ideal of the ecclesiastical statesman.

In the portrait of the aged Pope we see that neither time nor sorrow has changed the blackness of his hair nor dimmed the lustre of his eyes; his front is still smooth, his mouth serene and smiling; but yet an air of lassitude and anxiety pervades the countenance, and the feebleness of the sunken frame tells of long previous suffering and advancing age. No further unpopularity accrued to the Pope personally from the imputed despotism of his minister * than justly falls to the share of him who delegates to another the authority he ought to exercise himself. Pasquin did not spare him. One morning the following dialogue was found affixed to the statue:—Pius was supposed after death to knock at the gates of paradise

* A pasquinade on the election of the new Pope says—

"Dio ci salvi
Da un uomo despotico
Qual' è Consalvi."

—"Well," says St. Peter, "you have the keys, why do you not let yourself in?" "I have given them to Cardinal Consalvi," replies the abashed pontiff. "In that case," retorts St. Peter, "you must wait till the cardinal comes from purgatory and brings the keys with him." Pius with all the virtues had some of the faults of his order—devout and conscientious according to the notions of his Church, gentle and humane in his temper, simple and self-denying and even ascetic in his habits, he was a true monk at heart. Humble he was, but, like all who have ever worn the tiara, he had an exalted notion of the dignity of his office. The humblest of mankind thus elevated could not retain his humility. Approached with genuflections, carried on men's shoulders, seated on an altar and adored as a divinity, who can distinguish between the individual and the office? Some virtuous pontiffs there have been, and many clever ones; but not one will be found who did not think it his first duty to exalt the power of the See and to extend his own authority to the utmost. Pius believed it his especial mission to restore the papacy to what it had once been, and in this great work he will be considered by the future historian to have made a greater progress than was perceived by his contemporaries.

The Pope, in the spring of 1823, had completed his 80th year: he had long been too infirm to officiate at the great pontifical ceremonies, but at Easter he gave the benediction from the balcony of the Quirinal palace. This was his last appearance in public. Consalvi, who was some years younger, was suffering from repeated attacks of fever; but he had no leisure nor inclination to heed them; he felt he should have strength enough to fulfil his task, and it was no courtier's speech when he assured his friend and master he should not long survive him.

On the 6th of July, a day marked with black in his calendar, as the anniversary of the attack on his palace, the Pope fell in attempting to rise from his chair. Twice he had fallen before, and Cardinal Consalvi had implored his "Camerieri" never on any pretext to lose sight of him; but popes and sovereigns may die of neglect as well as the meanest pauper. By the fall the thigh-bone was broken at the socket, and at his time of life such a hurt is incurable. His physicians desired to conceal from him the nature of

the injury; but in the following night he himself demanded the viaticum. A few days after the Pope's accident Rome was alarmed by a calamity, which to the superstitious seemed a portent. The great Ostian Basilica (St. Paolo fuori le Mura), to which is attached the convent in which the Pope had resided as a monk, was set on fire by the carelessness of the workmen employed on the roof, and was nearly consumed. Those who first penetrated to the spot, as soon as it was safe to approach the tottering and smoking walls, will not readily forget the scene presented—the cedar roof lying on the ground in charred and smoking fragments; the one hundred and twenty columns, for which some of the finest monuments of antiquity had been rifled, partly calcined, or lying in broken masses on the pavement: while the arco trionfale (as it is called) and the tribune with their rich mosaics, the high altar and its granite canopy, still towered in the midst of the desolation. The Pope was spared the pain of knowing the calamity which had befallen the home of his youth. He languished for six weeks after his accident. Cardinal Consalvi was constant in his attendance at the bedside of his patron and friend, and in the solitude and neglect in which, it is said, the apartments of the dying Pope were left, he alone performed every needful office. On the 20th of August the great bell of the Capitol, answered by those of every parish church in Rome, announced to the world that Pius VII. was no more.

It was nearly half a century since Rome had witnessed the obsequies of a pope or the assembling of a conclave. At the first meeting of the Sacred College after the demise of the Pope, its disposition towards the late government was made manifest. A violent attack was made on Consalvi for transacting after the Pope's death, and when his office had ceased, some indispensable business of routine which his attendance on his master's death-bed had compelled him to neglect. Fesch and Pacca alone, though personally his enemies, had the courage and generosity to stand up in his defence; and it was plain that hostility to the late minister was the best title to the electors' favor. Consalvi's real offence was the exclusion of his colleagues from power; and it was resolved to raise no one to the vacant throne who would not previously bind himself to establish a privy council of the Sacred College—a condition

which was of course accepted, and afterwards evaded. No experience will convince even those on whom the proof is oftenest enforced that it is vain to take a bond of him who in his own hands holds the powers to bind and to loose.

The courts of Europe desired the elevation of a man of moderate opinions, and both France and Austria concurred in promoting the election of Cardinal Castiglione; but the "Zelanti," whose party was all-powerful, were determined to advance one whose first object was to vindicate the supremacy of the Church. They ostentatiously brought forward Cardinal Severoli, who was particularly obnoxious to Austria; and on him Cardinal Albani, who held the secret, as it is called, of that court, was induced (prematurely and unskilfully, it is said) to waste the veto with which he had been entrusted.* The way was now clear for the advancement of any other enemy of this dreaded power. The Cardinal della Genga was not generally popular; he was known to be a reformer, and the Sacred College have no love for reform. He had held the high and responsible but invidious office of Cardinal-Vicar, and in its discharge the severity of his character had made him an object of dread. On the other hand, he was known to be a man of integrity, and his aversion, personal and political, to Consalvi, was indisputable. The late minister had inflicted on him a mortification never to be forgiven. When Consalvi had left Rome in 1814, on his mission to England, the party opposed to the Secretary persuaded the Pope to send Monsignor della Genga to congratulate Louis XVIII. on his restoration. Consalvi was still at Paris. He considered the mission as an act of hostility and defiance. In virtue of his legatine authority he superseded the crest-fallen nuncio, and at a stormy interview is said to have treated him so harshly that he absolutely fell sick and retired to Montrouge.

No candidate could give so strong a guarantee of hostility to the late minister. He was formally recommended to the dominant party by Severoli, when his own elevation was no longer practicable, and he was elected.

* Each of the three great powers who have the right of "veto" can exercise it but once in each conclave; and moreover the veto must be pronounced before the candidate has actually obtained the number of votes required to give the necessary majority. Hence the veto is the cause of no small part of the intrigues which take place within the conclave.

It was subsequently remarked, at the coronation of the new Pope, that when Consalvi, as senior deacon, presented to him the chalice, not a glance of triumph on one part, or a scowl of mortification on the other, could be detected by keenest scrutiny. Neither Pope nor Cardinal we believe, at that solemn moment, was actuated by the feelings ascribed to him; but, be that as it may, they were not men to give every coxcomb of an attaché the opportunity of writing a lively dispatch at their expense by betraying the working of their minds to the gaping crowd. That Consalvi was seriously mortified by his enemy's election there can be no doubt, but he could hardly have been sanguine in his hopes of preserving his power in another reign, and his failing health must have warned him that his race was run. He had, however, a duty of friendship to discharge. He claimed, as a privilege, and no one disputed it with him, the task of raising a monument to the late Pope.* He sent for Thorwaldsen, whose reputation then stood highest in that department of art, and gave him the commission. In these days of affected bigotry the selection of a Protestant for such a work would be impossible, and even then it was censured as a fresh proof of the cardinal's offensive liberality.

Before his death he seems to have been reconciled with the newly-elected Pope, who had need of his advice, and he accepted the honorable post of Prefect of the College "De Propaganda Fide." In Italy, where no man of eminence is believed to die by decay of nature, if any other cause can be assigned, the great minister is said to have died of a broken heart. It is more probable and more creditable to his character, that his constitution was worn out by his constant application to business. He survived his friend and master only five months. He died poor, and left his fortune, which consisted principally of the diamond snuff-boxes which had been given to him in the course of his diplomatic services, to pious and charitable uses.

The new Pope took the name of Leo, it is believed as an earnest of his intentions to restore the power of the church. His choice of a title provoked Pasquin to put forth a dog-grel distich, which may be thus rendered, al-

* Where a Pope does not leave a wealthy family, whose duty it is to raise his monument, his "creatures" (cardinals ab eo creati) usually subscribe for the purpose.

though Leo hardly suggests Lion obviously enough to preserve the point in an English version :—

"Neither Pius nor Clement, not he, forsooth,
But a Leo (Lion) will be, though without a
tooth."

He was born, in the year 1760, of a gentleman's family in Umbria, near Spoleto, and had several near relations living at the time of his election. One of his nephews, on hearing the joyful tidings, set out immediately for Rome, and was met at the gates by an order to quit the city without delay. Chiaramonti had set the example of eschewing nepotism, and Leo was determined not to sacrifice his fame and his duty to his family affections. In his youth he was said to have been good-looking, but his features must always have been mean and insignificant. His height, however, was commanding, his pallor ghost-like, and his movements eminently graceful. No one since the days of Braschi, whom few now alive can remember, has performed so majestically the part of Pontiff in the great ceremonies of the Church. His manners had not the gentle bonhomie and innate courtesy of his predecessor, and very nice observers among his countrymen have said they could detect beneath the varnish of later life the traces of early rusticity. But these distinctions, if not altogether fanciful, were lost on the ordinary critic; and in general, those whose business brought them into contact with Leo were struck by the polished urbanity of his address not less than by his knowledge of affairs and his patience in listening to a statement. In the career of the "nunciature" he had acquired a considerable knowledge of the languages and manners of foreign countries, and also the ease which familiarity with the great world alone can impart. The energy of his character and the excellence of his intentions no one could doubt, but his judgment was less good than his intentions; and such as it was, he often thought it his duty to distrust it as the mere prompting of worldly wisdom. His disposition was severe, and his temper despotic. Ill health had rendered him peevish, and, in spite of his rectitude of purpose, he not unfrequently appeared harsh and vindictive. Pasquin only expressed the popular feeling, when he says, alluding to his sallow complexion—

"Pope Leo's a lemon, as no man can doubt,
He's all sour within, and all yellow without."

At the time of his election his health was so bad that he is said to have remonstrated with the Conclave that they had chosen a corpse—a protest which probably did not diminish the zeal of many of his supporters; and for some time after his coronation he was obliged to keep his bed. On this occasion our author tells the following wonderful story :—

"All Rome attributed the Pope's unexpected recovery to the prayers of a saintly bishop, who was sent for, at the Pope's request, from his distant see of Macerata. This was Monsignor Strambi, of the Congregation of the Passion. He came immediately, saw the Pope, assured him of his recovery, as he had offered up to heaven his own valueless life in exchange for one so precious. It did, indeed, seem as if he had transfused his own vitality into the Pope's languid frame: he himself died the next day, the 31st December, and the Pontiff rose like one from the grave."—p. 236.

Whatever all Rome may have thought, we cannot suppose that Cardinal Wiseman himself believes the miracle which he introduces with no more parade of faith than Horace thinks necessary to attest his poetical tale of witchcraft :—

"Et otiosa creditur Neapolis
Et omne vicinum oppidum."

Had there been the slightest foundation for this story, can it be supposed that Leo would have missed the opportunity of ushering in his reign with a prodigy, or that he was so ungrateful as to make no return of spiritual favors to his benefactor? If the self-devoted man who was the instrument or the subject of such a miracle died in the odor of sanctity, why was he not beatified? If not, why did not Rome resound with Pontifical masses to obtain the liberation of his soul from purgatory? But in truth we can find no evidence that at the time or subsequently "all Rome" ever heard of any such story. If the Cardinal tells us that it was whispered in the English College, we must believe him; but we doubt whether any one would have the courage to circulate in sceptical Italy, a

* "Papa Leone
E un limone
Agro di dentro giello di fuor."

fable which is calculated only for the controversial credulity of Tractarian England.

Had Leo reigned in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, his exalted pretensions would have provoked rebellion at home and schism abroad. In the nineteenth he assumed in his intercourse with the most powerful princes a tone which called to mind the Gregories and Alexanders, and was endurable only from a Pope who held his temporal dominions upon sufferance.* The first great act of his reign was to proclaim the Jubilee for 1825 in defiance of the wishes and advice of all the sovereigns of Europe. But in this a great principle was involved. He designed to show that nothing in the Papacy was grown obsolete. While the statesmen of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, desired to believe that the maxims and pretensions of Mediæval Popery had passed away forever, he conceived his especial mission was to restore all that appeared most objectionable to the enlightened or incredulous spirit of the age. The disasters of the times had prevented the celebration of the Jubilee in 1800: once suspended, it was hoped that this invention of the middle ages would never be revived. It was felt more or less distinctly by all enlightened Roman Catholics that its indulgences and formalistic observances brought into prominent relief the most questionable parts of the Romish discipline and doctrine. The call on Christendom to visit Rome took the peasantry from their labor and turned them into pious vagrants, and in the disturbed state of the Peninsula political danger of various kinds was apprehended from the perpetual migration of large masses of people. Leo's own ministers remonstrated that the Treasury could not bear the expense, and that provisions were wanting to feed the expected crowds. The princes of Italy were hostile to the proposal; Austria was cold; France politely indifferent; and the greater part of them forbade their subjects to obey the invitations of the Holy Father.† But to all con-

siderations of prudence or policy Leo turned a deaf ear. Great preparations were made in Rome. Two vast hospitia were opened for the male and the female pilgrims, where they were respectively fed, washed, and put to bed by persons of their own sex. To supply the necessary number of attendants all citizens were expected to offer their services, including those whose subaltern position did not at other times entitle them to make any display of their humility. They were regularly organized in bands with appointed periods of service; the attendance was very fatiguing, and its duties far from agreeable. But nothing could exceed the alacrity and unanimity with which the whole city answered the Holy Father's call. It is to be regretted that so much zeal was expended in exertions which did nothing to diminish the sum total of human misery. The Pope himself would often enter without previous notice and take his share in washing the pilgrims' feet. Cardinal Wiseman says it was touching to observe the simple humility with which those pious peasants submitted to the ministrations of their betters. To the generality of observers they exhibited only the thoughtlessness and the petulance of children; they seemed to take all they saw as a matter of course, and were no more astonished at a prince's washing their feet than at a Cardinal's saying mass for them. In the female ward the ladies had their own troubles to restrain the tongues and make up the quarrels of the devotees under their charge. To perform their laborious duties they established among themselves the discipline of a well-ordered household, and dressed themselves in a plain servant-maid's costume. The lovers of art must not be misled by a clever sketch of Wilkie's, entitled "Princess Doria washing feet." This is no portrait of Princess Doria, nor of the scene in which she is engaged. The painter never could have witnessed what he represents, for no man except one or two "Monsignori" on duty is admitted to the female ward; and when asked why he supposed Princess Doria washed feet in an oriental red turban, he had no better reason to give than that "he wanted a bit of warm color."

The pilgrims have guides to conduct them in procession to the various objects of pilgrimage, and even of interest and curiosity. The Museum of the Vatican was daily opened

* A letter of admonition to the king of France gave very great offence to Louis XVIII., whose "Bourbonian pride" was quite a match for Leo's Papal pretension.

† It was fortunate for the tourists who visited Rome in that year, that the king of Naples, in spite of his opposition to the jubilee, permitted his subjects to avail themselves of it. From the remotest provinces of the kingdom crowds of the most picturesque costumes flocked to Rome, such as at no other time could have been seen without penetrating the wildest and most inhospitable mountain fastnesses.

to their wondering gaze, and was visited by the generality of them in their ignorant simplicity as a part of their religious duties. The holy year is opened by knocking down the wall which closes a certain door in the great front of the three Basilicas of St. Peter, St. Maria Maggiore, and St. John Lateran. This door is called "holy;" and during the course of the year is entered only by pilgrims on their knees. These ceremonies are performed by the Pope in person, and two Cardinals deputed by him, and the year is closed by laying down the first stone for walling them up again with not less solemnity. The interval is one prodigious round of religious fêtes, processions, and ceremonies. The Pope was busy and delighted: he had triumphed over all the sovereigns of Europe; none of the predicted evils had occurred. He had advanced the cause of the Church—and, as he doubtless thought, of religion—and in commemoration of the event he struck off medals in abundance.

In the year 1807 Pius VII. had thought fit to make some canonizations: for fifty years no Pope had ventured to provoke the incredulity of the age by reviving such a pretension; but Pius from the first considered himself as the restorer of the papacy and all its traditions. Leo followed this example, and in the course of his reign made several additions to the Celestial hierarchy. As the beatified were for the most part without families on earth to pay the expenses incident to their elevation, the cost of the ceremony, which is enormous, was defrayed by the State. The saints themselves were persons whose obscure lives were unknown to the world, and whose ecclesiastical, rather than social, virtues gave them little hold on secular sympathy.

Leo's projects of reform embraced every department of the state, every order of men, every class of society. His zeal was hot; his time, he knew, was short; and his reforms, though commendable in themselves, were pursued with a vehemence that gave them the appearance of persecution; indeed, so eager was he in the prosecution of guilt that it seemed as if he desired rather to punish the offender than prevent the offence. As Cardinal Vicar he had made many attempts (which had gained him much ill-will) to reform the manners of the clergy. These he now resumed with superior power and increased energy. In his honest zeal he would not respect

even the immunities and the decorums which often secured impunity for clerical crime, but in case of flagrant irregularities, he would, regardless of scandal, cause priests to be arrested in the open day. He delighted in making unexpected visits at undue hours, and (in order to preserve his incognito) in his ministers' carriage. Cardinal Wiseman speaks of the joy these surprises occasioned. Much more frequently they were productive of consternation. On one occasion our author admits the Pope made a nocturnal visit to a convent, and entered the solitary church at the time when it ought to have been filled for the midnight service. On being asked by the frightened superior to leave some memento of his visit, he said he had done so in the church; and on examination the brethren found he had written with his finger on the dust of the neglected prie-dieu "Leo XII." We have no desire to rake up old scandals, but if contemporary report said true, this was by no means the most painful of his exposures, nor the most severe of his rebukes. Uniting in his own person the civil and the spiritual power, his ideal of papal government was a sort of theocracy. Other governments might content themselves with repressing crime, his business was to reprove sin. Public decorum, at least, he would maintain; accordingly an inquisitorial surveillance of private life was established. Lord Macaulay says, in his brilliant biographical sketch of Frederick the Great, "that to be governed by a busy-body is more than flesh and blood can bear"—and of all busy-bodies, if a military one is the most tyrannical, a clerical one is the most tormenting. Some of his own wealthiest subjects withdrew from this paternal interference; and strangers of rank, who had been driven to Rome by stress of politics, on declining to comply with his suggestions, were requested to quit the States, or retired in disgust. The Pope saw their departure without regret. He was ready, he said, to offer an asylum to misfortune, not a harbor for guilt. This was no new display of zeal. As Cardinal Vicar he had endeavored to reform the manners of the great. It is said that, on one occasion when officiating at the altar, a lady of illustrious rank, whose life he knew was not irreproachable, presented herself, and he was, or affected to be, so much overcome by her presence, that his hand visibly trembled as he held the wafer, and he cast on her such a glance of ineffable scorn,

that she fainted away. On the lower classes he enforced by compulsion, as a sovereign, those virtues which he was bound as a priest to recommend by persuasion. He closed the wine-shops as places of resort, and prevented all customers from entering them, by ordering the construction of certain "cancelletti," or gratings, through which the wine was to be handed to them. At the inns it was ordained that no one should drink without eating, but (alas for the impotence of law!) all that was effected by this was, that when the thirsty "Buttaro," or chance wayfarer, called for wine, the cautious host first placed before him a plate of half-gnawed crusts and broken eggshells. The laws for enforcing the fasts of the Church were revived in all their severity. The markets were regulated by edict, domiciliary visits were made in lodging-houses and "osterie." Delations were encouraged, and all the evils that follow in their train were rife. Those who absented themselves from the confessional were denounced and imprisoned; and if they were in the employment of the State they lost their offices. Nothing was beneath the attention of the Holy Father. Statues were removed as indelicate which had hitherto been exhibited without scruple. The law interfered with the costume of the Opera dancers, who complained that their profession was ruined by the prudish exigencies of the government. The love of dress is a passion which the Roman "Contadine" share with their betters; they are especially addicted to the display of jewellery. This taste he endeavored to repress, and more especially he made war against the combs worn in certain districts, which somewhat resemble the coronal fixed on the brows of the Virgin. The guards at the gates had orders to insist on the removal of these obnoxious ornaments; and scenes of indecorous merriment, and not unfrequently of angry and even bloody brawl, ensued in consequence. The Pope sighed over these incidents. and though he did not recall his ordinance, he suffered it to become a dead letter.

It cannot, however, be said that Leo desired to impose on others the burdens which he was unwilling to take upon himself. In his own religious observances he was devout, and even ascetic, beyond what it might be supposed his feeble frame would bear. He constantly officiated himself; his fasts were rigid. On one occasion we remember to have

seen him, in a chilly spring day, walk bare-foot from St. John Lateran to Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme, and similar exhibitions were frequent. Unable to check the excesses of carnival, he established for himself a routine of expiatory services to atone for them; and it was soon observed that those who wished in any way to invoke his paternal interference in their domestic affairs had no better way of conciliating his good-will than by making themselves conspicuous as attendants on what he called his "Carnovale Santo."*

In preparation for the holy year, the Pope made several regulations to improve the decorations and the services of the churches. Among others, he took away in the Papal chapel the raised seats for ladies, which put a stop, says Cardinal Wiseman, to the "English practice of eating and drinking in the churches." We cannot be angry with the Cardinal for propagating a libel to which so many Protestant writers have given currency, and which has been repeated till it seems to be believed. But keen as is the zest which many of our tourists find in disparaging their countrymen, we cannot understand how they can think it possible that English ladies want to eat luncheon in church, and at such strange, undue hours.† But if we admit that these insatiable fair ones were bent on committing this impropriety, how was their voracity defeated by lowering the seats? After this change they might perhaps eat unobserved. Before it, they were exposed to public view; or is it meant that this forbidden food had no relish unless it was eaten in public? Leo also put a stop to the exhibition of the illuminated cross which, on the night of Thursday in Passion-week, was suspended from the centre of the dome of St. Peter's, while all the rest of the church was left in darkness. And for this Cardinal Wiseman makes the English answerable. "The inhabitants of the north," it seems, were chatting and laughing, while those of the south were prostrated in rapt adoration. If this were the case, it ill became so pious a man to suppress the devotion of so many thousands for the levity of a few score. But, in truth, the guilty Eng-

* A lady, whose name is well known in Europe, was obliged, much against her will, to pass the carnival thus, in order to carry the point which had brought her to Rome. She was called in derision "La Madalena di Papa Leone."

† No church ceremony takes place at luncheon time, for that is the priests' dinner hour.

lish had little facility for chatting and laughing. The confusion was great; the darkness was but little relieved by the blazing cross; and great care on the part of the strangers was needed not to lose their party: on the other hand, the crowd of the lower classes was dense, and grave disorders often ensued; the spectacle was indeed striking, but experience proved it not edifying, and the Pope suppressed it without hesitation.

It was clear that Leo did not mean to be governed by his minister, like his predecessor, when he chose for his secretary the Cardinal della Somaglia, the dean, and one of the oldest members, of the Sacred College. But though well stricken in years, the Cardinal retained to the day of his death all the mental powers for which he had been distinguished in his youth. He had great quickness of apprehension, a thorough knowledge of business, manners that happily blended the dignity of the purple with the ease of the man of the world. He united the exquisite tact which is supposed to belong to Churchmen with that skill in concealing his own thoughts and divining those of others, which has been attributed to his countrymen as their peculiar talent. Leo's next choice, towards the close of his reign, fell on Bernetti, formerly governor of Rome, and then legate of Ravenna, whose talents and knowledge of business merited a greater share of influence than they obtained during the reign of the active and self-governing Pontiff.

One of the first subjects which engaged the Pope's attention was finance. A Board, with a cardinal for its president, was instituted for examining the resources of the country, the expenditure, the revenue, and the method of collection. If any expectation was entertained of inculcating the late secretary, that expectation was disappointed; nearly the whole of his financial arrangements, with slight modifications, were adopted. The Pope introduced rigid economy into every department which he could control. His own personal expenditure was reduced to the lowest scale. The burdens of the people were diminished, and even the debt incurred for indemnifying the religious bodies was reduced. But at his death the treasury was found as empty as is invariably the case at the demise of each of St. Peter's successors. It is possible that Leo himself may have supplied funds for the cause of legitimacy in the

Spanish peninsula; and it has been said that Don Miguel was largely indebted to his policy or compassion. Though Leo was proof against the weakness of nepotism, and resisted the domination of a powerful minister, he was not armed against the influence of favorites whose talents and position were too inconsiderable to excite his apprehensions. Gulli Fumaroli and Pfiffer, the latter an officer in the Swiss guard, were permitted a degree of familiarity which was unseemly, and exercised an influence which contributed greatly to the Pope's unpopularity, though in all probability fame greatly exaggerated its amount, and the benefits which the favorites derived from it.

Leo spent little on public works, excepting such as were commenced by his predecessors or forced upon him by necessity. He undertook to restore the great Ostian Basilica to its former splendor; but this was beyond the resources of the Apostolic chamber, and he appealed to the generosity of Christendom for subscriptions. In the autumn of 1826, the Anio, swollen by floods, swept away a whole street of the town of Tivoli that stood on its left bank, and dashed away the dam which forms the great cascade. Considerable efforts were necessary to protect from future ravages the town, and the rock on which stands the beautiful little temple of the Sibyl. It was a peculiarity of Leo that he would not allow any record to be inscribed on the public works of his reign. We entirely agree with Cardinal Wiseman in approving the inscriptions with which the Popes are wont to commemorate their respective labors; they afford a most amusing historical lesson, which those who walk may read, and which as effectually adds interest to their walks as the tallies bearing the names of the plants contribute to our enjoyment of the botanical garden. No traveller is justified in "smiling" or "snarling" at them as historical mementos, though it must be admitted that their pompous phraseology and inflated style sometimes provoke criticism.*

Anxious though he was to maintain the orthodox faith in its purity, Leo did not personally take much part in the discussion of

* In modern days a much more modest tone prevails. Munificencia Pii VI. is succeeded by Cura Pii VII.; P. O. M. is succeeded by P. M., though in truth we believe it was rather the taste for classical Latinity than priestly arrogance that introduced the style of Pontifex optimus maximus.

questions relating to dogma. He was no theologian, and all questions of this nature he trusted to the "Sacred Congregations,"* and by their decisions he was content to abide.

It was part of his ecclesiastical system to restore the Jesuits as far as possible to their former dignity and power, and he took the first opportunity to put the Collegio Romano again under their direction. He did not, however, trust to them exclusively the whole education of the Papal States. He knew the disadvantages of a monopoly. He was not one of those bigots who hold that the ignorance of the people is the strength of the Government. His own early education had been neglected, and he was anxious to spare others a disadvantage which it had cost himself much labor to rectify. He had not been originally destined for the Church, and the habits and the society of his early life were any thing but clerical. It is said that to his intimates he used frequently to bewail the waste of precious time in the days of his youth, and the severity with which he looked back on his own failings is supposed to have added much to the sternness with which he endeavored to repress the transgressions of others. He was passionately attached to field-sports, and up to the last he would occasionally repair to a lonely farm-house in the Campagna, which he had fitted up for himself as a shooting-box. He published a code of game-laws to protect the birds during the

* In these congregations practically lies the infallibility of the church. They are committees presided over by a cardinal, and composed of prelates with whom are associated a certain number of learned theologians. These are generally monks uninterested in the political contests of the day, and uninfluenced by those motives which act so powerfully on the secular clergy. They are deeply read in ecclesiastical history and canon law, subtle casuists, and resolute champions of orthodoxy. These are the pioneers of dogmatic theology, who work in silence, and whose decisions, expressed with technical precision, and set off with the high sounding phraseology, the "paroloni preteschi" which Rome loves, are announced to the world as the sentence of the Holy Father ex cathedra. This machinery, which has been contrived so admirably to support the Holy See, occasions it sometimes not a little inconvenience by its inflexibility. When the decree of one of these congregations has raised a storm of discontent which the Pope can neither soothe nor neglect, it is in vain that he applies to the same body to withdraw or qualify their decision. In the frequent discussions with the Gallican church in the seventeenth century, the Pope himself would have conceded something for the sake of peace; but the sacred congregations, securely entrenched within the line of orthodoxy, steadily refused to relieve the embarrassments of their infallible chief.

breeding-season, and was undoubtedly the best shot that for a series of years has worn the triple crown.

In his foreign relations Leo's chief object was to uphold and advance the power of the Church. His political views were supposed to be opposed to those of Austria, but this bias had little effect on his conduct. Cardinal de Bernis in his letters gives it as the result of his long experience that nothing can be more futile than the anxiety displayed by each of the great powers of the Continent to procure the election of a Pope devoted to its own interests. When elected, the Pope acknowledges no interests but those of the Holy See. Former hostility will not prevent his conceding what policy tells him must be conceded. Former friendship will not induce to grant one iota more. The only hold retained by Spain over its Transatlantic provinces was by means of the Church. The bishops nominated by the revolutionary Governments were not acknowledged by the Pope. This state of things might terminate in a schism, and Leo, on application of the provincial churches, did not hesitate to desert his old ally the Catholic king in spite of his angry remonstrances. Leo's ideal of the papacy was as lofty as that of Pope Hildebrand, but he retained an indignant consciousness that he was fallen on evil times, and, in spite of his reprobation of his predecessor's example, descended sometimes to flatter the spirit of the age. In England he had the great point of the Catholic emancipation to carry, and lost no opportunity, in his interviews with English governors in the Mediterranean and with casual English tourists at Rome, of mollifying anti-Catholic prepossessions. On one occasion, when a noble lord who had taken a most violent part against the Roman Catholics chose, rather to the surprise of his friends, to be presented at the Vatican, it was thought that Leo would decline seeing one whose hostility was so notorious; he received him however with more than usual civility and even kindness, telling him with a marked emphasis that he was particularly glad to see him in Rome. "I hope, my lord," he added, "you are now disabused of your errors, and if you cannot conscientiously give us your vote, at least we shall no longer suffer from your misconceptions." In all such interviews with our countrymen the Pope and the Secretary of State piqued themselves on disarm-

ing prejudice and conciliating good-will by their reasonable sentiments and their winning address. They had nothing to fear from the contradiction which was practically given to their professions by the whole course of their policy. Our countrymen, and, above all, our statesmen, are resolutely bent on remaining in ignorance of the real meaning of all that relates to the social state of the Peninsula and the ecclesiastical policy of Rome. Leo did not live to know the success of the cause he advocated.*

Though Leo considerably raised the pretensions of the see of Rome, he had not the satisfaction of finding he had proportionally augmented its real power, or added to its stability. Another storm seemed gathering in France; the Crown had allied itself with the Church, and those who were plotting against the Crown made a violent onslaught on the Church. The Jesuits, though not established in France, had introduced themselves under the shelter of constitutional freedom, which (it was urged) does not deprive citizens of their rights, though they are living under the rule of St. Ignatius. In this modest guise they filled the confessionals, engrossed the places of education, and by their unpopularity endangered the government. Charles X. was obliged most reluctantly to issue an ordinance against their encroachments; and Leo XII. was unable to advise him to rescind it. Things must have gone far.

In the Pope's own states political discontent had increased to a fearful extent; and the Carbonari, against whom he fulminated a bull in vain, gave serious alarm to the government. Cardinal Rivarola, the legate at Ravenna, who had made himself very unpopular, one night as he was getting into his carriage was fired at—by some reckless desperado as the public affirmed, by the agent of some secret society as the government believed. A commission was sent down to investigate the facts. For a year the judges proceeded with impenetrable secrecy, and remained in apparent inaction. How far they acted with wisdom and justice can never be known; where there is concealment there will always be accusation, and there can be no defence. At last they took active measures; many arrests

* On the 5th of February, the very day when the Speech from the Throne announced the surrender of the principle of exclusion, Leo was seized with his last illness, and before the news could reach Rome he was no more.

were made, and the assassins were said to be under trial. After long protracted proceedings certain persons were condemned; the public persisted in affirming their innocence. The scaffold was erected before the palace of the legate. Hanging was the mode of execution selected, as being the most ignominious. The condemned were kept under the gallows (it was said to enhance their punishment, but probably in the hope of reconciling them to the Church) for the greater part of a burning summer day. The inhabitants of Ravenna closed their windows; all who could left the town, the rest kept their houses. The city was a solitude. Nothing was omitted that could safely be done to show horror, disgust, and disaffection. This occurred only a few months before Leo's death. His sun set in gloom. Vast designs thwarted—benevolent aspirations disappointed—filled his soul with bitterness. Some mischiefs no doubt had been remedied, and some abuses had been exposed: but it seemed to him as if, after all, little more had been done than to discover the magnitude and the strength of the existing evils. Violent enmities had been excited, sullen opposition had been roused. Like all benevolent despots, he was to learn how powerless he was for good—his own instruments failed him, when applied in any but their wonted direction, and he was obliged to acknowledge in despair, that it required a stronger arm than his to cleanse the Augean stable of Roman abuse.

His health, which had been wonderfully maintained during the last few years, seemed rapidly to decline. His majestic form became daily more gaunt, his paleness more cadaverous, his strength and appetite more perceptibly diminished. He was as well aware of the nature of his symptoms as the anxious prelates who watched him: distress of mind aggravated his symptoms. His day was closing while little of the mighty work he had projected for himself was accomplished, and he had as yet reaped no reward from the gratitude of mankind whom he had endeavored to serve. Conscious of benevolence for which few gave him credit, and disinterestedness which none could surpass, he felt he had been misunderstood—he sighed to find himself not loved. When obliged to appear in public, he had latterly perceived symptoms of the popular aversion, and hardest of all he knew himself to be hated of the clergy of whose power and

privi
He f
signe
domo
an el
own
tary
Latin
await
lease
afflic

Tr
this l
twent
Bibli
made
queen
Tisch
made
book
conte
all w
which
anno
to wh
many
centf
this
print
Tisch
publi
learn
1838.
expl
says
Repr
the E
of us
press
Berli
were
came
Rom
ment
lishin
have
this
it is
did
labor
to t
ano
up.
stout
text
volu
men

privileges he was the professed champion. He foresaw his approaching end. He con-signed the fisherman's ring to the Maggior-domo, lest it should be lost in the confusion of an elective sovereign's death. He wrote his own epitaph, and gave it to his Latin secretary to put into the best form of lapidary Latin. He took leave of his ministers and awaited in firmness and resignation his release from the acute bodily sufferings which afflicted his last days.

The moment he expired the populace celebrated the event by breaking down the cancellotti in the wine-shops, which had provoked so much of their displeasure. He died at the Vatican, where he had established 'himself from the first, and thus his ungrateful people were deprived of the opportunity of manifesting their hatred, if indeed such was their wish, by insulting his mortal remains in their passage to St. Peter's.

THE VATICAN GREEK TESTAMENT.—At last this long-expected work, which has for the last twenty years sorely tried the patience of the Biblical scholars of Europe and America, has made its appearance. The Vatican Codex—the queen of MSS.—to inspect which Bentley, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and many others have made journeys to Rome—is no longer a sealed book, an unknown volume. Here are its whole contents, given to the world, and available to all who can afford to pay the goodly price at which the work is published. As the title-page announces, the MS. is edited by Cardinal Mai, to whose laborious industry we are indebted for many other valuable works. Although but recently published it has been long known that this edition of the Greek Scriptures has been printed some years. The Cardinal showed Tischendorf the whole five volumes ready for publication in 1843, and from the work itself we learn that it was printed so far back as the year 1838. Various reasons have been suggested to explain this unaccountable delay. Dr. Tregelles says that when Rome was in the hands of the Republican Government, and the authority of the Pope could no longer hinder the appearance of useful works, Cardinal Mai offered the impression for sale to Mr. Asher, the publisher at Berlin, but the terms named by the Cardinal were deemed too high, and thus the negotiation came to nothing. The French occupation of Rome and the Restoration of the Papal Government soon prevented Cardinal Mai from publishing his edition, and thus Biblical scholars have been doomed to wait another ten years for this precious boon. Now that it is in our hands it is melancholy to reflect that the learned editor did not live to see the consummation of his labors, and that the work was finally sent forth to the world under the superintendence of another. The work is well and handsomely got up. The type is very good, and the paper very stout and capable of being written on. The text of the MS. is comprised in five stout quarto volumes, of which four contain the Old Testament, the fifth the New. The Old Testament—

the Septuagint translation—is, of course, valuable, having never before been correctly published; but the New Testament is beyond all comparison that which renders this work so especially important. On this account it is much to be regretted that the one cannot be separated from the other. The old and New Testament must be bought together. As the cost of the work is rather considerable—£9,—this is a serious matter to scholars, a race not usually burdened with wealth. It is true an edition of the New Testament alone, in smaller size, is announced as to follow hereafter; but the editor adds, some considerable time will, probably, first elapse. The Vatican Codex thus at length given to the world, we need scarcely say, is generally regarded as the most ancient copy of the Greek Scriptures in existence.—*British Quarterly Review for October.*

THE WORLD AND ONE'S SELF.—The world can pry out every thing about us which it has a mind to know. But then there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Psha! your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing has happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes: appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose that society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner, pretty much as before. Therefore don't be so conceited about yourself as to fancy your private affairs of so much importance, *mi fili.*—*The Virginians.*

THE WATER AND THE FLOWER.

A MEMORY.

ONE quiet eve, some years ago, whilst lingering
 by a stile,
 That ran along a wayside path, to watch the
 clouds awhile,
 Ere thought had lifted from my heart the shadow
 of her wing,
 I saw a child—a little girl—returning from the
 spring.
 Her well-filled pitcher lightly pressed her curls
 of silken hair,
 Supported by a tiny hand, and she was very
 fair,
 With something in her sunny face pure as the
 sky above,
 And something in her gentle eye, that guardian
 angels love.

A little flower blossoming a step or so aside,
 This happy child of innocence with sudden joy
 espied,
 Whilst letting down her pitcher with the same
 sweet, joyous song,
 She watered it, half-laughingly, and gaily tripped
 along ;
 The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a
 summer's sun,
 And smile beneath the act which she uncon-
 sciously hath done,
 Whilst wandering on with fairy tread, as merry
 as before,
 I saw her pass the garden-gate, and close the
 cottage door.

Oh! often when this little scene has crossed my
 thoughts again,
 I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed
 her spirit then—
 This little girl has tripped through life as joyous
 to the last,
 Refreshing all the weary hearts that met her as
 she passed—
 If with unconscious tenderness her heart has
 paused to bless
 The poor amid their poverty, the sad in their
 distress.
 Still following up God's teachings day by day,
 and hour by hour,
 Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water
 and the flower.

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has
 hushed to rest
 The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-lad-
 ened breast,
 If to the wayside wanderer where'er her steps
 have led
 The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from
 her head.
 O! holy, happy Charity! how many pleasures
 lost
 By those who have not known thee, had been
 worthy of the cost.

How many heads a blessing from a better world
 have borne
 Whilst lowering the pitcher to the weary and the
 worn.

Thou who hast stood beside God's spring of
 blessings day by day,
 To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it
 away ;
 The poor and the dejected—whom God hath
 willed to roam—
 Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy
 home!
 Oh, let thy heart beat ever quick, in actions kind
 to be.
 Remember him whose bounty has at all times
 followed thee.
 And deem it not a trouble in the wayside or the
 town
 To linger where the weary are, and let the
 pitcher down.

A. H. S.

—Home Journal.

THE LAST OF OCTOBER.

It was late in mild October,
 And the long autumnal rain
 Had left the summer harvest fields
 All green with grass again ;
 The first sharp frosts had fallen,
 Leaving all the woodlands gay
 With hues of Summer's rainbow,
 Or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist that morning,
 The sun rose broad and red ;
 At first a rayless disc of fire,
 It brightened as it sped.
 Yet even its noontide glory
 Fell chastened and subdued
 On the cornfields, and the orchards,
 And softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon.
 Slow sloping to the night,
 It wove with golden shuttle
 The haze with yellow light ;
 Slanting through the painted beeches,
 It glorified the hill,
 And beneath it pond and meadow
 Lay brighter, greener, still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts
 Caught glimpses of that sky,
 Flecked by the many-tinted leaves,
 And laughed they knew not why ;
 And school girls, gay with aster flowers,
 Beside the meadow brooks,
 Mingled the glow of Autumn with
 The sunshine of sweet looks.

—J. G. Whittier.

PART II—CHAPTER VI.

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land."

THE stately homes of England! They have no equals. It may be right to carp at their architectural defects. As edifices, as masses of stone and mortar, they may be incongruities, defiances of art; but see them as homes set in the midst of Nature—take them with their accompaniments of tree and shrub and park, their accessories of garden, covert, stream, woodland, and wilderness, of glade, grove, and dell—and they present a harmony, a whole, a perfectness of pictorial effect, a unison, a community between man and creation, which seldom characterizes palazzo, Rhine castle, château, quinta, casino, villa, or kiosk. Their association with nature, too, is no off-hand connection, no arm's-length meeting. Up to their very threshold sweeps the green turf; the boughs of trees hang over their roof-tops; the light breezes breathe on their casements, and bear with them the song of birds and the smell of flowers. The narrow gravelled walk or carriage-drive, the light palings, make no line of demarcation, raise no barrier; the eye passes straight from window to portico, to turfy terraces, grassy slopes, clumps of trees, and the waving shades of giant oaks, the moving forms of grazing herds, and the passing flight of wings; the ear takes in at once the caw of rook, the carol of the thrush, the gentle symphonies of the wind passing through the grasses and leafy branches, the sound of "some rejoicing stream," or the murmuring of a brook; the sense inhales at once odors from flower-beds, fragrance from shrub, freshness from surrounding verdure.

The man in his home stands face to face with Nature; his life goes forth to mingle with her life, his soul hourly and daily feels her presence.

As the homes are, so mostly are the men who live in them. Not moulded by conventional art or form, perhaps, but fresh, strong, and useful, hearty and heartfelt, drawing from nature the culture which many seek only in social refinements, and dashing the mannerism of breeding and *ton* with the free impulses caught from fellowship with the outer world.

Such a home was Penhaddoc Park—such

a man was old Squire Grenfell. The old man in his home was a portrait well set. It was a bright, gladsome place, stately enough, but with more of beauty than stateliness. All other effects were sacrificed here to beauty. All the rules of landscape-making were violated again and again to let in the sunshine, to preserve an old tree, to encourage a wilderness of wildlings and briers, to retain an old, moss-grown bridge, an old knowe, where early flowers grew, or to keep the old road winding under mossy banks, and betwixt old oaks and beeches, or through a deep dingle. The house had in itself no especial character, came under no particular denomination of style; was merely substantial and handsome. The wings, with their bay, mullioned windows, were connected by a rather heavy colonnade, from which a short flight of granite steps led down to the gravelled path. Whatever there was of formality or coldness in the structure was toned by the white smoothness of the stone, and the invasion of ivy and Virginian creeper, which were allowed free swing and play for their luxuriant fancies. In front, stretched a fair, wide vista of park scenery, intercepted only by an old oak which stood before the library window. It was an old tree, but as an oak had scarcely passed its *première jeunesse*, and was lusty and burly in the full strength of gnarled trunk and vigorous, spreading boughs. Artists, landscape-gardeners, formalists, hygeists, had again and again spoken its doom. It spoiled the view, destroyed the perspective, darkened the windows, made the walls damp; spite of all, it had stood. It had roots deeper and stronger than its own—old memories, early-day associations and recollections, which were twisted and twined around the Squire's heart—these made its safety. On the other side, near the drawing-room, was a Portugal laurel, in which a nightingale had built its nest. This was also sacred; and at night, when the mellow, rich "jug, jug" was heard, the piano and harp and song would be hushed in deference to the natural melody, which poured in through the open casements. To the right, a narrow path ran through a shrubbery, thick and luxuriant with thorn, syringa, laurel, arbutus, acacia, and the hundred-and-one plants which in English ruralism vary every shade of green and every shape of blossom. In the midst, a rhododendron had annexed

a large share of the sward by throwing up shoots in every direction, which spread around in masses of flower and leaf, sloping downwards, tent-like, in folds of foliage from the parent stem. Beneath this covert the rabbits had formed a colony; and it was curious enough ever and anon to see a broad leaf move upward mysteriously, and then a head and ears protrude themselves, or a tail and legs disappear suddenly. After awhile, the path, growing narrower and more mazed by the grass and underwood, would be lost altogether in tangles of brier and bushes. The drive wound, as has already been said, in most meandering turns, avoiding all broad and straight effects, and leading suddenly on glimpses and unexpected touches of beauty. Another and shorter road led towards the gardens and stables, through what was called the Lady's Meadow. There the grass grew in long, thick tufts, and along the hedge the turkeys, in their season, sat brooding in state; and there also stood an oak, lone and solitary, and eremite, without companion or kind, and subject, from its isolation, to the degradation of having carrion for the hounds suspended from it by hooks. Garden-trees threw their shade over the meadow, and a tiny stream trickled through it, stagnating here and there in tiny pools. From a tragic legend attached to one of these the meadow had its name. It was said that a lady of the Grenfell race and her lover had wandered forth into the meadow on a moonlight night. They were seen last linked arm and arm, strolling towards the streamlet. In the morn she was found lying on her face in the water; her lover was never seen or heard of again. Of course her spirit haunted the spot, and had been seen again and again by domestics who loved the moon. Quamino, on one of his visits to the butler, had seen with his own eyes the thin white form floating on the pond, and could never be persuaded that it was one of the swans making a moonlight voyage.

If there was some pretence to regularity in the front of the house, the back denied it altogether; scoffed at, repudiated, and set it at naught entirely. It had been witness and residuary legatee to every vagary and whim which every successive Grenfell had conceived. There was a sort of family sacredness about the front, but here every wicked will had worked itself out most recklessly. A bow had been thrown from a study, and

projected like the back of an oven a latticed window had been set in a boudoir, a small balcony thrust from a nursery, and a verandah over the bower-room faced the garden-house, a quaint old place, built of spars and unhewn stones, and covered with mosses, ivy, and periwinkle. It looked as if some of the minor designs and sketches in books on architecture had been pasted together, and placed side by side. These eccentricities, however, looked forth on a scene consistent and perfect in its prettiness. Beds of verberna and heliotrope, baskets of roses and carnations, groups of sweet-william and pansies were set and shaped on the green-sward, o'er which trailed many a wilding bough and bud: old stumps, from which fell clusters of rich red creepers, stood here and there, and there was a row of them with bright festoons hanging from one to the other; lilacs, box, privet and guelder roses, lightly fenced in the sides of this gardenplot; and at the top, a low hedge of brier and egg-lantine, with hop-tops fantastically wreathing and shooting out above, only half hid the clover and cornfields beyond. In different corners were turf or wooden seats placed, so as to catch the changes of the sunlight, and a wide vista opened to the setting sun. 'Twas a summer eve, and old Squire Grenfell loitered about on the gravelled path in front of his house, now stopping to pat a dog, now to take a look across the park, and now to give a passing word to his lady, who sat beneath the colonnade. He was the squire of other days, so often portrayed, so well remembered by all who can look back beyond this age of utilitarianism. Ripe as an old wine, ruddy as an autumn, sturdy as an old tree, he was the very type of his class. The locks were partly grey, which fell behind his ears, and the clear, blue eye was calm and steady; the face was fresh and unwrinkled, and the form was falling from its muscular set into that half looseness, which, ere it degenerates into bulkiness or obesity, looks well and comely with old age. The Squire seemed attired for a ride. Judging by the brown tops, the cords, the blue coat with plain brass buttons and broad flaps, the double-breasted kerseymere waistcoat, the hat low-crowned and broad-brimmed, and the whip stuck in the pocket, he was always conceiving that intent, for this was his invariable out-door dress. Invariable, outdoor and in, was the white

cravat laid in full, loose folds, and fastened by an old diamond brooch, and the long watch-chain, with a massive bunch of seals at the end.

A traditionary character had descended with the Grenfells from generation to generation. Men of the open air, men of the field, men of the home, men of narrow spheres and large sympathies, of few duties and strong feelings, of simple lives and single purposes; they were ever behind their age in fashion; in advance of it in feeling; below it in enlightenment and intellectual culture; before it in moral impulses and truthfulness; laggard, perhaps, in political wisdom, but honest, faithful administrators of their several functions. The character, as it passed downwards, though preserving its nature originally, took a tone from the different ages. The father of our Squire was of the thorough sporting class, and on returning thanks, when the health of the new-born son and heir was drank, was reported to have said, "That he hoped to bring him up as a good sportsman and a good Christian." The son inherited the love of field-sports, but refined them by other pursuits and acquirements. He was still, however, earnest in the belief that a gentleman should be also a man, that he should support the superiority of his class by manly attributes, as well as by mental endowments or conventional graces; and held, that to acquire these, other nurture was required than that of the closet or *salon*. Now and then, however, he showed a taint of the old leaven, especially on the judgment-seat; there he enacted the laws of the field like a very Draco, though in other cases his sentences might have been written in milk. Once he astonished the bench of brother magistrates, by inveighing bitterly and violently against a poor wretch who stood in the box for some petty offence of trespass or poaching, and shouting out, when asked what he knew against him, "Know against him! Why, that fellow would murder his father, would rob a church—do any thing; last week he ginned a fox." One of his peculiarities was, to perform all his journeys on horseback, a servant riding behind him with the saddle-bags; and he had never been seen inside of a carriage, except on the occasion of his being sheriff, and then he fidgeted and tossed on his seat to the great discomposure of ermined dignity. Oftimes such

homes and such men are marred by *mesalliances*. A fine lady—a vulgar or artificial one—a fashionable lioness or an amazon, would have jarred on the harmony of the whole. Luckily, like met like here. Of an old country stock like his own, the wife could sympathize with his pursuits, his principles, and even his fancies. Feminine, but not delicate, healthful in mind and spirit, she could participate in most of his tastes, could understand all; could listen to the details of a fox chase, or the killing of a salmon; could give advice on laying out the grounds or cutting down a tree, and ever administered the details of charity, as women alone can do. Gentleness, the gentleness of the heart, was her charter of ladyhood, a gentleness which repudiated falsetto tones, or the acted mannerism of phrase or gesture, and reposed on an innate tranquillity and nobility of soul. Gentleness! most beautiful of the moral attributes; most pleasant of the social! Blessed be its presence! Blessed ever be that spirit which garbs itself in love and charity; which looks even on error with sweetest pity, and has courtesy for all and every one; which shrinks not only from words and thoughts which wound or sting, as philanthropists would turn from a worm in their path, but will not even harshly rub the down from such butterfly wings as foibles and prejudices. In this gentleness she was educated for the mission of almoner, a friend to the poor. In those times such missions were supposed to need education and training. It was then thought a necessary preparation to learn the language of the hearts, feelings, and habits of the people, for whom the mission was meant; not to rush upon them as on a tribe of Ashantees, or, with the zeal of Crusaders, fiercely enforce it on the masses of ignorance and sin. So it was then, so it will be again, when the enthusiasm of missions has subsided, and the theories of regeneration and development have fallen back into the old beaten world-worn tracks. Gentle she looked as the evening sunlight fell on the soft face, which yet retained the autumn shade of bloom, and on the soft silky hair, streaked here and there with silvery braids, and on the full figure, sunk now in graceful repose. She was reading and knitting by turns, or indulging in that musing reverie which *habitudes* of the world would call dullness, but which, perhaps, are among the most delicious of life's calmer

pleasures: a few summer plants grouped around filled in the picture.

The dog, the sporting dog, was largely represented there and then by patriarchs of tribes. Under the old oak lay an old Talbot, the last of a race, with his huge head stretched between his paws, and his large ears hanging down like the leaves of a giant cactus. With half-shut eyes he followed his master's movements, watching for signs of a start. Old Grouse the pointer, of the old breed and old time, when steadiness and strength were more thought of than fleetness, deep-chested, broad-nosed, and strong-legged, took turn and turn with the Squire, pacing when he paced, halting when he halted, and seeming to take the same interest in the view. A small Blenheim gambolled about his mistress, or made sudden rushes on a stray rabbit, arousing from their corners or explorations spaniels and terriers, and drawing them on by his noise to join him in a *melee razzia*, in the fastnesses of the rhododendron.

Presently the Squire's face brightened as he exclaimed, "By Jove, here they come!" And then, like a bright gleam, Rose on her pony was seen through the intervals of the shrubs, through the branches of the great trees, and by the dancing, leaping water, as she cantered up the park. Behind her, very unlike a bright gleam, came Quamino, sorely tried by the cantrips of Peperpot, sorely tried by his gold-laced hat. That hat was to him what crown and sceptre are to some monarchs, what diamonds are to dowagers, what ribbons are to courtiers, at once a glory and a trial. It had brought him into all sorts of scrapes and troubles. It was always coming into contact with doorways or boughs, was always being carried off by chance gusts, or tipped from its equilibrium by any odd movement. Once, when perched on a branch sconce at a meeting-house, it had furnished the preacher with an illustration of the wicked, who bring their gold and their silver into the house of the Lord. It must be confessed that it was a strange head to fix a dignity upon. Like Sancho Panza's, if mirth had been rained on it from heaven, 'tis doubtful if any had fitted it. Had the efforts of Christie and Co., the handyworks of Collet à Paris, the fezzes, turbans, sombreros, Panamas, and wide-awakes, from all parts and all lands, been poured upon it in a full shower, 'tis a question if any one would have

found an easy or comfortable fit. Nature had intended that head to be unadorned save by its woolly covering. So thought not Quamino, who never rose to the height of his grandeur until the hat was fixed upon it.

"Ah! Rose, Rose, sweet, blooming Rose, my summer-flower, here you are at last," said the Squire, kissing her cheek, and lightly fondling her golden curls as he lifted her from the pony.

"Well, god-pa, you give me prettier names than Quamino, for he is always singing something about Rose, Rose, my coal-black Rose; whether he means me or not, I don't know," said she, laughing, as she was handed onwards to the caresses of Dame Grenfell.

Meanwhile Trevenna and his wife had arrived by the short cut through the lady's meadow, and we, Gerald Grenfell and myself emerged from the gardens, where we had been making a sort of exploratory expedition, and made the group and the greetings complete.

The dogs, too, had their greeting. The Talbot and Domingo touched noses with a cold courtesy, after the fashion of Oxonians, or Englishmen meeting abroad. Grouse was less stiff, though also very stately in his welcome; the rest were more demonstrative, some cringing and fawning around him, some making furtive rushes, and giving little short yelps at him, behaving generally as little things do in the presence of a great one.

"Don't you think, god-pa, I am improved in my riding?" said Rose, after awhile, looking up in the old man's face; "did you see how I held Snowdrop in hand, and how well I kept him at his paces coming up the park?"

"Oh yes, you are growing a perfect horse-woman, quite a *Di Vernon*; I shall be taking you to the cover side with me soon; and as for Quamino, he is getting such a first-rate jockey, that I must get him to ride the next steeple-chase for me."

"Ah, Massa Squire, you pokey de fon at Quamino. How can ride that old debil? I tink him always habe a fly under him tail. Me want him to go so (imitating an amble) to look quite proper in de town with Missy Rose, and den him surely give plunge and kick, and me go up and up, and de hat bomp and bomp, and all de little boys laugh. Oh, him tarned ole debil, dat Pepperpot."

"Well, never mind, Quamino, we will

mount you better some day," said the Squire: "I am glad, however, to see that you have that fine hat still. They told me that the lads wrestled for it at the Whitsun games."

"Hi! Squire, dat all de game of dat Bob Mullis; me gib him hiccory-nut for dat."

This was a sore subject, one of the trials he had undergone in behoof of his hat. The story was, that standing one day by the ring at a wrestling-match, with the hat well to the front, some wag had toppled it over, and that it was there and then seized by the sticklers as a gage of battle. Quamino, following it eagerly, was also set upon; speedily swathed in a wrestling-jacket, and to his great surprise found himself in the grip of a practised player, who, after exhibiting him in all his attitudes and grimaces to an admiring audience, laid him playfully on his back. On rising, the first thing he saw was his hat, the hat, stuck on the pole upon which the prizes were usually exhibited, labelled "For the best man." His rage and fury then were most grotesque, and made the joke and laugh of many an after day.

Moving on to the portico, he made a most elegant obeisance to the lady of the house. "Me hope me see de laady berry well to-night, and dat all the fam'ly quite well."

"Very well, I thank you, Quamino," was the reply; and she, too, had then her quiet fling at him.

"I hear that you were at the meeting for the abolition of slavery last night. I hope you were edified and gave them some valuable information on the subject."

"Yes, me dere, laady, and me neber hear sich fool-man's talk. Dere one preacher dat call me 'him poor black broder.' Me scorn de connection. Me hab white blood in me veins, me hab white heart, and me tink that dis tight skin, tho' it war a leetly black, look more better dan him scarecrow carcass; so me tell dem."

Thus Quamino was passed on from one to the other, like a liqueur, until he came to our turn, and was then assailed with one of the old jokes, for schoolboys are not often inventive in their wit.

"Halloa, Quamino, how many blue beans make five?" an arithmetical problem which always posed and bothered him sorely.

"Hi, massa Gerald, you raaly too cleber—too cleber for Quamino. You see dem five

crow on de tree. Now, 'spose you oang an' kill two, how many left—eh?"

"How many left? why, three, to be sure."

"No; dey wasn't. Dey sabe too much for that. Dey fly away. Me tink young gemmen at class'cal school know more better dan dat." And away he marched, strutting and chuckling at his triumph.

Tea was brought round in the open air, and with it all kinds of cakes, and baskets of fresh fruit just plucked. Then we all strolled through the shrubbery, and by a little wood path down towards the brook, the elders moving on quietly and sedately; we, the young fry and the dogs, scampering and scouring over the banks and through the copse, startling birds, and trampling down moss and wild-flowers. In a little dell by the water's edge was a quaint old summer-house, perched on the tops of some old roots, twisted, twined, and knotted into a fantastic frame-work. Over it hung the shadow of a tree, and behind was a beetling rock overgrown with mosses and creepers, which had spread themselves over the thatched roof, and fell trailing wild wreaths and festoons down the sides and front. From either mossy seat within, the rivulet could be traced in all its windings, and the ripple of its waves over the pebbles mingled softly there with the rustling of boughs and leaves, and the playing of the breeze. The setting sun now lit the pools into a bright glow, and little gusts ever and anon swept over them, ruffling and dimpling them for a moment; swarms of flies flitted over them, and here and there the rise of a trout left a tiny widening circle of waves. 'Twas the scene of a summer eve. Who has not seen it? Yet who would tire to see it again and again, bringing fresh beauty, new thoughts, at each repetition? When such things pall, shut up the book of nature, close this word of God, for it has no longer a sign, or voice, or inspiration, for the soul.

An open glade was our play-ground; there, too, the mothers sat on an old trunk. In the summer-house Trevenna and the Squire held converse more serious and confidential than their wont.

"I didn't see you on the bench to-day, Trevenna," said the Squire, after some interesting observations as to whether the trout that rose in the pool under the rock was the

one he had hooked the day before, or whether the mist rising from the river was a sign of heat or rain. "There was not much business, no poaching, though that fellow, Tom Nicholl, was brought up on suspicion of throwing lime into the river to kill the fish. We had, however, rather a serious case of house-breaking. By the by, did you ever hear any thing more of the fellow who gave you that fright? I should have thought that you and the dog and Quamino would have tackled him, though I don't think much of the darkey's pluck; the dog, however, was to be depended on, and you used to have a firm, strong grip. I never met with any thing of that sort," continued he, maundering back into old recollections; "but a curious circumstance occurred once to me in looking after poachers. My father one day discovered a wire near the west-end plantation, and saw the gap by which the man who set it had come and gone. In the evening he took me—quite a boy then—with him to watch the spot. It was agreed that I should remain close by the wire, and that he should make a detour, and return in another direction, avoiding the gap. It was almost dark; and I remember that my heart beat quickly at the excitement and novelty of my situation. Suddenly in the gap there appeared the figure of a man cautiously and quietly climbing over the hedge. I made one rush, and sprang upon him as he came down; we grappled and fell together on the grass, tumbling over and over in the struggle. He was stronger and heavier than I was, and I felt my strength failing, and a dizziness coming over my eyes; he was fumbling, too, to get free play for a short stick he carried: in a sort of despair I raised my hand to strike, when a gleam of moonlight fell upon us, and I saw my father's face. He had come back, contrary to agreement, by the gap, and each had taken the other for the poacher. I never trembled so as at that moment, and my father could not look at me for days without shuddering at the thought of what might have happened."

Some faces show emotion by deep flushes or fiery eye-flashes, some by a cold pallor, and a fixedness of eye and feature. As the Squire went on and on with his story, a paleness came o'er Trevenna's face, and the features grew still, cold, and fixed as stone.

"I never could think," rambled on the

Squire, returning to the first idea, "what that fellow's motive could have been. Why he passed all the passages and closets where the plate or valuables might have been, and how he stumbled on the child's room, is a mystery to me." Turning round, he saw the paleness on his friend's face grow more deadly, and the drops of perspiration stand coldly on the forehead. "I have said something to hurt you now, Trevenna—have touched some sore. If there be any thing painful or embarrassing in this matter, let it pass by forever. John Grenfell is not the man to unkenel any one's secret. But if there be aught in which a helping hand or kindly thought can aid or comfort you, speak it out, man. The second barrel often brings down the bird, and a second head may wing a difficulty. At any rate, a clean breast often makes a free heart. So, let it be as you will, silence or council; you may trust me for either. Our fathers for many generations have been friends and play-fellows, and I would be true to you for the sake of old associations, if nothing else. Say the word, then—shall it be a still tongue or open heart betwixt us?"

At this appeal Trevenna's face changed and changed again, showing the deep workings of an inward struggle. Once or twice he made an effort as if to speak; but the words seemed to stick in the throat, and there would come instead a low gurgling sound and the dead pallor would return, and the cold sweat-drops burst forth afresh. At last he seemed to gather up his strength into resolve; the inward workings settled into a calm; the throes of heart-pain subsided, and then, laying his hand on the Squire's arm, he revealed in fitful, fervid utterances the story of a life.

"Yes," he said; "I will tell all. There may be much of shame in my story, much of error; but there has been also much suffering, much retribution; and though the doom of expiation may be not yet fulfilled, I feel that my soul has through the long years gradually been clearing itself from the degradation of its one sin; and since God has given me my sweet child, it has been no longer dark; and come what will now, whilst that blessing remains, there will be light on my hearth, light in my soul. You know, John Grenfell, how that at my father's death our family property was found to have dwindled and dwindled in successive generations, until

there was little left, save some plantations in the West Indies, which had always been managed by an agent, and with which we never concerned ourselves much, as long as the proceeds were regular and ample; and how we, my brother John and myself, resolved to set forth for our Barbadian estates, and see what fortune and endeavor might do for us there, rather than stay at home, and find our property falling off field by field, and ourselves sinking gradually down to the state of poor gentlemen.

"Well, away we started—young, strong, and sanguine—differing in temperament, but united enough in feeling and intent to be good yoke-fellows in the earnest work before us. The sphere was new, not very genial perhaps, or very accordant with old habits and early training; yet it had its excitements and attractions. We found on our estates the usual effects of absenteeism. The land had deteriorated, and fallen into disorder; the buildings were dilapidated, and the slaves were suffering from the grossest neglect and maltreatment. Here was work to do, and we stood to it manfully. Year by year we began to reap results; prosperity dawned before us; order and well-being sprang up around. With our slaves we were especially successful. It is some time ere fresh young blood yields to the influences of climate, and the young, fresh nature equally resists for awhile the influences of vicious habits and society. Thus in the strength of our own hearts, still pulsing with home feelings, we were able quietly and calmly to carry out our work of reform on those around us. Character always tells, even on slaves; and we soon found that we could do more by personal influences than many had effected by the strictest penal systems,—could do often more by word or look than by whip or shackle. John, especially at first, had a wonderful mastery over them. His nature took more with them than mine. His strength, his jovial spirit, his humor, had great attractions for them. They chimed in well with their own rough sports, their love of fun and drollery. They would do any thing—even work—for him; and his voice, laugh, or presence would always set them agog, and draw out all the best points of their nature. He was their constant theme and admiration. "Hi!" they would say, "dere Massa John—how him walk—how him talk

—how him work—how him laugh—and, my gar, how him drink!" alluding to his practice of quaffing large goblets of cane-juice at a draught. Thus all went well; we lived on and on, prospering, toiling in kindly brotherhood of hope and intent. In these days of our confidence, under the influence of the feeling of community, which so often grows up betwixt men laboring and succeeding together, we made an agreement, a bond, that whatever wealth was won should be common; that in case of one dying, the survivor should inherit all—that should one be childless, the children of the other should be heirs to both; and there even gleams upon me a vague consciousness—a dark recollection—that, more than this, there was a compact binding us to unite the property by marriage, should one have sons and the other only a daughter or daughters; and that, failing this contract, the whole inheritance should go in the male line—so anxious were we to preserve our newly-gotten gain from the causes which had frittered away and exhausted our ancestral estates. This clause has haunted me of late like a spectre, and is more a dread than a reality.

"About this time our common interest compelled a temporary separation, and I went away to superintend a plantation in a different part of the island. Here I was alone, without companionship, without communion, and soon found that isolation is more dangerous to the soul even than free society. I began to lose that elasticity, and buoyancy which often protects the heart from debasement or corruption, and keeps it bounding and rising continually above temptation and beyond the passions. My energy, too, took a more selfish aim and purpose, and my spirit grew unsocial and less sympathizing. Then came my trial and my fall. In a hut near my own house, close to the gate, so that I must needs pass it in all my outgoing and incomings, lived a mulatto girl with an old crone, her natural or adopted mother. They belonged to the property, yet in some way, had gained a privileged exemption from the usual routine of labor, and performed only such light service about the house and grounds as they chose. They were from Grenada, and the girl showed signs of Spanish blood in her fine, rich color, her oval face, full, voluptuous figure, and in the easy grace with which she moved. Ever as I came

and went, she stood before me a present temptation—obtruded before me in all her attractions. At first I withstood it well, and felt nought but indifference. Then use had its effects, and the cravings for some companionship wrought upon me. Our salutations became longer, our meetings more frequent. I looked for them, then sought for them, and then—'twas the old story—we fell. From that hour my peace was gone. The spell of passion soon passed away, but the curse of sin clove to me, and entered into my life. I was no longer alone. With me and beside me was one who influenced my every action; whose presence was a daily debasement, drawing down my soul step by step in pollution and misery. The nature of this girl was base, below the ordinary level of her kind; her temper and passions were strong, fierce, and wayward. Money, finery, pleasure, were her sole objects. If thwarted in her tastes, she would become furious, demon-like, and soon I scarcely dared to provoke these bursts. A love of power, and a vindictiveness towards those who offended or displeased her, often showed themselves in little acts of tyranny and oppression, in which, God help me! I was often an unwilling abettor; and I became the veriest slave on the plantation—a slave with the sense of slavery hanging on me as a millstone. In time a child was born—a son. It could bring no joy, no pride, yet for the time it was a bond and tie between us. This soon ceased. The boy grew up vicious and wilful. It was in vain I strove to curb or subdue his passions. The mother fostered and fed them by indulgence, by example, by every encouragement. Very early appeared signs of that deep and innate depravity which makes one shudder for the future. In the vices of the child I saw the coming retribution of the man. In my own heart there dwelt a sense of moral degradation, and I saw this ever and ever reflected in the bearing of those around me. The obedience paid was more that of fear than respect, and I missed the cordial, confiding tone which once existed in the intercourse betwixt me and my people. The bearing of dependents, like the shadows on a dial, indicate the stages and changes in the moral revolutions. I was fallen, and, as a consequence, self was more and more in the ascendant. My only thought was to get rich—to make money enough to escape and throw

off the fetters, the irons of which entered into my very soul. God forgive me! to this thought I sacrificed every thing—for this I toiled—for this I wrought, for this I taxed hardly and relentlessly the labor of others, for this I racked the land under my care; and I was growing rich. The hour of release seemed near, the day of liberty was already dawning.

"Meanwhile, all I saw and heard of my brother was far from comforting. His free, jovial temperament made him more susceptible of the vitiating influences of the society around him. Gradually he yielded and yielded; the temptations fastened themselves into habits. The debauch became more frequent—excess habitual. The canker of daily vice was eating into his fine nature, spreading and stretching its roots through mind and body. He was not so far gone, however, but that a saving hand might have drawn him back from the abyss. I tried, but I had lost my power. My own sin paralyzed my arm, and made my tongue falter. Yet there was hope—hope that his nature might rebound and recover itself. This hope was soon lost. In one of his reckless fits he proposed to, and then married, a Creole lady. Her character toned rather with the encouragement of his vices than with their reform. Her influence became paramount—mine was repudiated, my counsel rejected, and my own sin thrown in my face. Hence we lived apart—seldom meeting—never with affection or in confidence; but rumors came to me of increased profligacy—of health, means, and character wasted in debauchery—of a temper soured by vice and disease; and soon, very soon, it began to be heard that the popular planter was becoming a tyrant,—that punishment, harsh and intemperate, inflicted in haste and passion, was more and more frequent on his estate—that complaints, murmurs, then words of wrath and threats of vengeance, were muttered sullenly and secretly among the people with whom he was once a sort of idol. The time was a crisis with us both. To me, thank God, it brought only warning—a dread, dark warning—fearful enough, bitter enough; to him it brought death—an evil, violent death. Oh, God! I scarce dare to recall the events of that time; memory revolts against passing back again across those dark limits. But it must be told." Here Trevenna gasped, as if for

breath and strength, ere he went on with the story of his life. "It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and I was sitting in my room with closed blinds, striving to be cool—striving to forget the growing misery at my heart—striving to see brighter spots in the future, when suddenly my son entered, his face flushed, and his eyes glaring with intoxication. He had grown now into youth, and we had become all but estranged. Our meetings were only altercations—reproof on my side, and insolence and anger on his. He only sought me to get money. That was his errand now. Heated and excited, he demanded a larger supply than ever I had granted before. I remonstrated; he persisted with insults and oaths. Roused from my forbearance, I gave a flat denial, and ordered him from my presence. Scarce had I spoken, when—oh, God! it is too horrible to speak—his hand lifted and raised a knife to strike me—me, his father. Horror paralyzed me; I could not move hand or foot to arrest the blow. The blade gleamed before my eyes. At the instant Domingo, then almost a puppy, sprung from his place at my feet at the raised arm. The blow was turned, and the knife fell with broken force on the dog's ribs. His growls and the noise brought Quamino to the spot. The wretched boy was disarmed, and led away, yelling out imprecations and threats. I was left alone—alone with my thoughts—alone with my conscience. 'Twas a dark, dark hour. Those only who have wrestled with remorse, and stood face to face with the doom of retribution, can know the agony of such hours.

"Scarcely had the sweat-drops dried on my forehead, my limbs ceased to tremble, or my heart to beat so wildly, when a horse's steps were heard, and a man galloped up to the door to say that my brother was dead—had died in the night of a fit—was found lying dead in his balcony in the morning.

"My own woe made me callous for the moment—hard, stony. I had no grief, no tear for my brother. I could scarce comprehend who or what it was that had been taken from me. Mechanically I went with the messenger—mechanically went on and on—on through the cane-fields—on through the avenue of cocoa-nut trees—on through the door—up the stairs—on to the balcony, and there he lay on the floor—he, my brother—dead. There he lay, stricken in the fulness

of life. Taken in the midst of enjoyment, a shattered glass was beside him—a cigar lay in the poor, clasped fingers. Could this bloated, discolored corpse be he who had so lately stood beside me strong, lusty, and life-ful—who a few years since, had started forth with me fresh, ardent, and hopeful? And here was the end—death, sin, misery. For awhile I knelt down by him alone; all the early memories—all the early hopes—all the early thoughts, came rushing back, and with them came the early feelings, softening and hallowing the heart, and kindling it into prayer; and there, by that dead brother, were uttered prayers which were answered in after-life—there were formed resolves which have been patiently, firmly fulfilled.

"The cause of death, on inquiry and examination, was said to be apoplexy, and so it seemed—so it was believed. Shortly after, it was darkly whispered about that a man's hand had done the deed—that some slaves, goaded to vengeance by wrong and punishment, had climbed up the balcony whilst he was asleep and insensible, had tied a cord round his neck outside the cravat, to leave no mark of violence—strangled him, and laid down the body in the semblance of death by the visitation of God.

"These whispers at last reached me, adding to my grief the dark, dread suspicion of murder.

"I could no longer stay in a spot darkened by such fearful scenes, even to realize my dreams of wealth. My resolve was made and acted on. I settled the inheritance with my brother's widow and sons—placed my own portion under careful management, for I was bound by our compact not to sell it—provided for the woman and her son—and then turned my back on a place which I had first seen with such hope, and which was now nothing to me but a dark, black memory.

"Soon after my arrival in England, chance led me to meet with one whom I had known and regarded in early years, who had then held a dependent position, but was now free. She was one in whose gentleness and affection I could hope to find the repose and peace I sought. We married; my thoughts were attracted back to the home of my youth, and we came hither. You know the rest. How the longings, the prayers of years were answered, after many bitter disappointments, by the birth of my sweet Rose; how she has

woven and clustered blessings around me; and how I began at last to feel peace and know happiness. I had almost forgotten the dark past. My life, welling purely and brightly at first from the fountain-head, then fouled and stained by a dark stream running into it, seemed again to be clearing itself as it widened and deepened towards the close. I had heard regularly from Barbadoes. My brother's children were going on in the old voluptuous course. My son had sunk lower and lower, deeper and deeper, in wickedness and depravity; his mother was taken off by fever, and soon after he disappeared altogether. I had heard nothing for several years—had almost ceased to think of him until that terrible night, when I was roused from my sleep by my child's cries, and rushed in pursuit after the man whom the dog had seized. Once—ay, twice—in my terror at the danger which had threatened my darling, I levelled a pistol I had taken up at him, but the head of the dog moved ever between, and intercepted my aim. God be praised for this; for when I had strangled the dog off him, and lifted up the light, I looked in my son's face. Yes; 'twas he who stood there, pale and bleeding. You may well imagine now how he escaped, and why Quamino, who alone of my domestics had followed me to England, diverted the pursuit from the right direction.

"What the wretched man's motive was I cannot tell—whether it was plunder or violence, or only reconnoitering—whether he came by chance or design. But his presence has brought back all the old thoughts, and filled my future with forebodings. I live in fear—in fear that at every step I may once more come upon him—that every paper I take up may reveal some villian or violence he has committed.

"Now, Grenfell, you have the clue to my life, and whether it may loosen or strengthen your friendship, you know all."

There was a pause, a short pause. The Squire had listened with deep, earnest interest, marked here and there by occasional exclamations, and, when the story was ended, seemed sunk in thought; then rising, he laid his hand on Trevenna's shoulder, and said, "'Tis a sad, strange tale; my thoughts don't come quickly. I must think over, sleep on it, ere I can give counsel or opinion; but

you have trusted me, and I will stand by you to the end. What can or may be done, I cannot yet see; we will talk more of it to-morrow. Meanwhile look at this, and let it cheer your spirit."

As he spoke, he turned Trevenna towards the glade where Rose was sporting in the evening light, dancing on the grass, and tossing up handfuls of flowers, with the boys and dogs all playing around her, and the two mothers sitting with their gentle faces turned towards the group and the sunset. The picture flashed back a light upon his soul, kindling it with hope, with faith.

CHAPTER VII.

YOUTH—if angels guard the cradle bed, if they spread their wings fondly and lovingly over childhood, there must be joyousness in their glances, a glad motion in the winnowing of their wings, as they hover and circle around the courses of youth, and see them leading, mingling, joining with all the emblems of young life, the morn, the spring-time, the dawning light, the buds, the blossoms, the springing corn-blades; see them blended with the gentle influences of sunshine, sweet airs, bright skies, and luxuriant verdure. It must be joy to their beings, joy such as there is in heaven, to breathe in the pure thoughts and aspirations of young hearts, to catch their free, high impulses, their fresh, warm affections, and float them upward, heavenward. It must be joy, the joy of angels, to move around, a celestial barrier, warding off the arrow that flieth by day, and the evil thoughts that fly day and night. A pleasant sight is youth to men and angels, pleasant to see the meeting of youth with youth, of youth with the morn, with the spring-time—pleasant, above all, to see young natures meeting and mingling, their thoughts blending, their impulses bending to each other, their hearts shedding forth their emotions and impressions, joy to joy, fervor to fervor, love to love, feeling to feeling, courage to courage, hate to hate, sensibility and apathy, tenderness and coldness, rashness and timidity, impressiveness and falseness, acting and reacting on each other, shading, toning, and reflecting each other. Pleasant are the memories of such meetings. Even to world-worn hearts, world-tried natures, they came as

moon-gleams on the waters, soft and beautiful, reflecting in a mellow light the bright, joyous life of other days.

Thus come back upon me the memories of the hours passed with Rose and Gerald. Even now—now that I look back on a full-joyed youth and a goodly prime—no memories have so tender a light, or such a thrilling voice for the heart as these.

Gerald and Rose—summer days, and summer eves—autumn rambles, rides, nuttings, scramblings in woods and orchards, winter sports, fireside stories, all come wafted back in one vision, the two loved faces and forms standing out as the figures grouped in the lights and shades of youth.

Gerald, as he appears now before me, was a fine, healthy, active, bold fellow, free-hearted, generous, full of impulse, full of quick spirit, not a genius, not even clever, but gifted with ready, innate perceptions of moral greatness or feeling, with a keen, though not deep, sense of natural beauty. Hero-deeds and hero-thoughts, the maxims and apothegms of the great, stories of adventure or of broad fun, caught his sympathy and admiration at once. Nature's pictures were, at the moment, glorious, beautiful; but it was hard to see what impress they made on the heart, or how they were casting themselves into the future being. He had that gift, so mysterious, so enviable to those who have it not, the gift of winning love and notice. None seemed to look with indifference on that open, handsome face, with its bright brown eye, on that smooth, rounded forehead, overhung with short, thick, chestnut curls; or on that figure, so round and elastic that it was redeemed from the ungainliness which so often stamps hoppityhoyhood. All seemed to recognize the attraction of the sweet smile, the pleasant voice, and the gay laugh. I myself, his chosen companion and friend, sank back from a comparison with him. Sometimes there would arise in my mind a sense that this inferiority was not real or just, and there would cross my thoughts instances from the schoolroom and the play-ground, which made me rebel against the judgment of the world—our world; but a word from him, a smile, or a slap on the shoulder, would again make me content to be his *fides Achates*, his man Friday, or any thing, so that I were with him and Rose. Of course, he was her favorite; his

impulsiveness, his mirth, the wild spirit with which he dashed and bounded onwards, climbing trees for the mere sake of climbing, leaping across brooks, to leap back again, jumping up for a flower she fancied, or springing after a squirrel, always made him the chief of our parties. It sometimes flashed upon me, that I thought more for Rose, when absent, did more in gathering up treasures, in reading stories and learning verses to repeat to her; yet some way his services had always a greater charm, and she would spring away from listening to some legend I had gathered for her, at a shout, or a call, or a laugh from him. Still there was no envy or rivalry. We were happy together, happy in our triple alliance.

One fine afternoon towards the end of August we all accompanied the Squire in one of his strolls. The first of September was near, and he was taking out some young dogs to try them in a field near the park. They were the progeny of old Grouse. That patriarch, indeed, rejoiced in as numerous an offspring as any caliph or Eastern sultan. There was no chance of the paternal name or virtues dying out from want of representatives. The pepper-and-mustard style of nomenclature would have been necessary to designate all the branches of the stock. In every kennel in the county was a Grouse. These were the youngest born, and were said to take very much after the father, though, of course, falling far short of his perfection. The old dog moved amid them with a sort of pride and condescension, repressing by his grave deportment all familiarities and excesses, yet showing a mild forbearance for the exuberances of youth. No elder in the presence of juveniles—no tutor before his pupils—could have been more exact, more precise than he was, the moment we entered the stubble or arrish. His every movement, his every attitude, was most perfect and pointer-like. All his casts and turns were made with a most exemplary correctness. Neither tail nor head was a shade out of its bearing. True and steady he moves. Ah! he will show those young dogs what a pointer should be. Hush! the Squire's finger is uplifted. He is standing firm as a rock; the tail straight and stiff; the body motionless; the forefoot lifted; the head turned; the eye fixed and still—a sculptor might take that posture. The shades of departed pointers might look

on it with pride. The critics of all the tribes and families of the race could see no fault in it. It was a challenge and an example. At the same instant the three young dogs, with the impulse of instinct, all backed the point, though trembling and quivering with excitement. "Beautiful, by Jove!" muttered the Squire, with bated breath. "Oh, how pretty!" cried Rose. A look and a gesture checked even her voice. We were on professional ground now—beyond the limits of toleration. Presently a young Grouse—the son of promise, too—gives a low whine and creeps forward. This is an error of youth, and may be excused. Again he creeps on. This, even, may be overlooked, as the indiscretion of inexperience. But now he is growing more and more restless—moves on and on. This is not to be borne; no dog of character can allow his dignity to be thus compromised. So old Grouse quietly gives up his point, and turns indignantly away, throwing from his shoulders the responsibility of such an un-pointer-like act. Two hours after, he is discovered standing by himself at a solitary bird, as though he had found some satisfaction and relief in this exercise of character. When he turned, all the young dogs rushed in—the birds rose—and Quamino, who had looked on the whole proceeding with great interest, excited by the movement and the whirring of the wings, sprang after the covey with open mouth and outstretched hands. This escapade saved the blood of the Grouse race from the indignity of the lash, and was nearly giving the Grenfell property the benefit of a minority. The Squire went off in a fit of laughter, which ended in apoplectic chokes and coughs. Nothing is ever so ridiculous to a man as a blunder or burlesque in his own line or walk.

"Why, Quamino," said the Squire, when he had recovered breath again, "how is it you didn't catch them? I never knew you were such a sportsman before."

"Me not berry much sportsman, Massa Squire, but me kill turkey once."

"Ah! how was that, then? Come, give us the story."

"Why, you know Massa Higgins in Barbadoes; him hab next station to us. Well, him hab turkey; and dis turkey come to roost tree night on our fence, so me knock him over, and take him for de rent."

"By Jove, Quamino I hope you won't be trying your hand on those in the Lady's meadow, or my Christmas dinner will come short?"

"No, saar. Me hab 'spect for property. Dey no commit trespass."

Our walk homeward led us through a woodland path. The pointers had been taken back, and Domingo alone was following us. On a sudden he rushed forwards towards a bed of briars at the foot of a tree, and then started back with a sharp yell and a look of fear. At the same moment we saw the heads and forked tongues of two adders reared above the brush-wood. Gerald, with his usual impulse rushed on them striking right and left; I followed crushing the heads of both with well-aimed blows of a stick; yet it was Gerald who killed the adders that stung poor Domingo. An exclamation from Rose attracted our attention towards the dog; his head had swollen to a great size; his eyes were half closed, and he seemed almost stupified. This was a great dilemma, for the elders had left us and we knew not what to do. Luckily an old woodman came to our relief and applied what he supposed an effectual remedy, by tying the bark peeled off a young ash round the neck near the swelling advising us on getting home to rub the part with oil and send for old Biddy to charm it. "Then" added he "at sundown when them varmint die the dog will be all right or he will die." The thought of the possibility of her old guard's death set Rose a-crying but we set ourselves manfully to work—half dragged, half led Domingo home. The remedy of the oil was at once applied, and a hint of the charm set Quamino off for old Biddy, who was supposed to possess the power of healing all scalds and burns, and extracting venom from wounds. Presently he was heard ushering her in with much ceremony and deference, for in his heart he had great awe of the old crone, who had the reputation of being a witch as well as charmer.

"Come in, Biddy; dis de dog. Here, ole fella," addressing Domingo, "here de great Obee woman come to cure him. She say, 'Go out, snak,' and him go."

Biddy was the very spirit of witchdom. The weird sisters of *Macbeth* were never better got up for the part. The withered, begrimed skin, the wrinkled face, the sharp features, the quick, cunning grey eye, the

dirty white hair hanging in elf-locks, the red cloak, the crook stick, were all according to established characteristics. The cringing, whining, fawning voice and manner, were not so orthodox. The antecedents of her life, as they were known and told, all favored her present reputation. She had been a camp-follower in the Peninsular War; had witnessed the death of two successive husbands; had seen many a battle-field; and boasted of having once saved the colors of the regiment by sewing them under her petticoats. It was said, too, that the old, withered form, once gaunt and bony, had often been seen prowling amid the heaps of dead and wounded on the night after a battle, and that the skinny hand, as it passed over their faces and down their limbs, struck more dread into the hearts of bleeding, maimed, dying soldiers, than the bayonets or swords of the foe. She came in curtsying, and bowing, and uttering blessings on the house, which sounded in her tones like maledictions. Then, after swallowing a glass of gin, and attempting to force caresses on Gerald, whose father she declared that she had nursed, she sat down by the dog, took his head in her lap, mumbling some words, and making some signs as she passed her hands over the bitten parts; and when she rose and shuffled rather hurriedly away, it struck me that I saw something drop from her, and immediately afterwards the dog's nose seemed attracted towards it. I stooped down, and picked up what seemed a roll of meat. On showing it to Quamino, his eyes started out from his head, and his teeth chattered as he exclaimed—

"Dat cussed ole tief—dat tarned ole witch—she try to poison de dog. Me must show dis to massa."

The old pallor came back on Trevenna's face as he saw the meat, and heard the story. The attempt to poison the dog roused the suspicion that some scheme of violence and plunder was meditated towards his house, and his mind could associate only one man with such a deed. 'Twas too late to consult the Squire. He dared not seek other aid. So that night he kept silent, lonely watch. The dog, strangely enough, had begun to revive soon after sunset—had roused and shaken himself, and taken his old post by Rose's bed. He, the father—father of one so dear, and one so dreaded—sat by the lone

hearth with a solitary light, keeping such ward as a man would keep who felt that each coming hour, each coming minute, might bring him in deadly contact with his own flesh and blood; that in self-defence, or in defence of those dearer to him, his hand might be raised against his own son. He sat unarmed and alone. None but he might see, none but he might meet the face which might intrude on the watches of that night. The beating heart told the minutes as they passed away; as each hour was chimed, the dread gathered thicker and darker o'er his soul. The night wore on slowly and stilly, and the morn broke at last. With the morn came Rose—Rose, with her twining arms, her soft kisses, her merry laugh, and her play, chasing away the darkness which had brooded o'er that dread watch.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the road leading from Trevenna's house to Penhaddoc Park, there was a by-path branching off to the right. It was a muddy, grass-grown lane, a favorite abode of toads, and was darkened by overhanging bushes. At the bottom it was crossed by a dull, sluggish, gutter-like stream; and in a corner on the other side, where hemlock, and mallow, and brier grew, rank and matted, stood a mud hut, rudely thatched, with one or two small, narrow windows oddly placed at some height from the ground. In front, there was a stagnant pool, in which squattered a brood of half-starved ducks. This was the home of Biddy, the witch. On one side of the door was a cage, inhabited by an old half-bald raven; and on the other lay a large flat stone, underneath which was supposed to be kept an old toad, to assist her in her incantations. Down this lane, on the night after Domingo was bitten by the snake, walked the Squire and Trevenna, moving slowly, and stopping at intervals in close and serious talk.

"Yes, Trevenna," said the Squire, enforcing some previous argument, "I am convinced that this old hag must know something of the man you seek, and that her attempt to poison the dog must have been made at his instigation. Her hut has often been a sort of mumper's inn, a refuge for tramps and vagabonds. Depend upon it, he is here. We will easily unearth him, if you have the courage to meet him, and, once for all, face the difficulty."

For awhile Trevenna stood communing with himself, his lips moving as though he were asking for other and better aid than the strength of his own heart. Then bracing himself up to the resolve, he said, "Be it so; I will stand the trial. I must—I will see him; will try whether there be any hope of reclaim, any means of rescue for him. It is my part to forbear, my part to offer atonement for my own sin. At any rate, it may be that this dread, which is overshadowing my life, which is threatening others, may be dispelled if met fairly and boldly."

"That's right. Meet it like a man. Half the difficulties in the world disappear before a brave, open front. I will manage old Biddy. Do you enter the house. If he be there, as I think is almost certain, your own heart will tell you what to say, what to do. That is not for me to advise. God help thee, friend. I know it will be a sore, hard trial."

At that moment they came in view of the hut. All was quiet. There was nought stirring. A knock at the door produced a grumbling, grunting interjection from Biddy; and then, after a little delay, she appeared herself. The sight of her visitors startled and alarmed her, at first; but she soon resumed her old manner, and began to fawn and whine round the Squire.

"Oh, blessings on his dear face! Is he come to see his old Biddy, that nursed and suckled un?" snivelled out the old crone, trying to kiss the Squire's hand. "Doesn't she love un better than her own children, the dear?"

This might easily have been the case without the Squire's suffering from excess of affection, as she was said to have sold one child, and driven another out of doors, and to have brought up her family generally in such loving and happy nurture, that the eldest son was now a sojourner in the colonies, and the rest scattered as vagabonds over the kingdom, gathering experiences of all the different jails, lock-ups, and cadgers' haunts.

"Well, well, Biddy, that will do," said the Squire, after successively freeing his hand, button, and coat-tail from her grasp. "Now we want to talk upon a little business. Mr. Trevenna here wishes to give you a little compliment for curing his dog."

"Ah, poor, dumb cretur! Did poor old Biddy's charm save him?" she continued, in the same whining tone. "Any trifle will be

welcome. 'Tisn't much Biddy wants—a little snuff, or a little of the comfort, dear," she added, in a whisper.

"Ay, ay, Biddy, we will take care of that; but we want to know how this piece of poisoned meat came to be dropped in the kitchen, close by the dog's nose, the night you were there. Can you tell us any thing about that?"

The old hag's face grew more haggard, more witch-like, as the Squire spoke, and her whine became more abject, more jarring, as she answered—

"Her dear boy wouldn't think his old Biddy would go to hurt the dog—would he? she that loves all the animals, poor things. Why should she want to harm un?"

"Well, Biddy, you know that Mr. Trevenna's house was broken into," said the Squire sternly, and that the dog siezed a man in the passage, and nearly killed him; and 'tis rather odd, so soon after that, some one should be trying to make away with the animal. We want to see that man, Biddy, and we must see him. You know where and who he is. I shouldn't like to bring the constables down on my old nurse, or to have her brought up for conniving with burglars; but what can I do if it comes before the bench?"

This last hint seemed to take great effect, and to rouse her from the crooning, groaning state into which she had fallen when the Squire began.

"Oh, what can old Biddy know about it? How can she tell what every poor boy who comes to lay down on her straw, is doing? Sure he seems harmless enough; and if he wants to have his rights, who can blame un?"

"He is here, then, that's all we want to know. No harm shall come to him."

The hag spoke not, but looked assent with her cunning grey eyes. The Squire nodded to Trevenna. He stood a moment or two to collect courage, then lifted the latch and entered.

An hour passed away, and still the door was closed. Another was half spent, when Trevenna came out, with the tried look of one who had gone through much in short space; yet there was lightness of spirit about the whole man, which told that relief had come out of suffering.

Silently the Squire took his arm, and they walked on for awhile without speaking.

"Yes, Grenfell, you were right," he said at last—"right in advising me to face my trial. Not for all the wealth I once sought so eagerly, would I pay back the peace that this last hour has given me. There has been much of agony in this meeting—old wounds have been ripped open—the ashes of old memories raked up. There have been recriminations, explanations, revelations, reconciliations, and at last there is peace, if not love, betwixt me and my son. Oh God! what a pang it was, as I entered that hut, to see the poor, ragged, vagrant-looking being, who lay huddled on the straw in a corner, haggard, world-worn, scarred with wounds in the strife of life, vengeful with despair and hatred. For years he had been tossed and buffeted—cast hither and thither—been ever stranded or wrecked; had tried the land, the sea, the mines, the prairies; had failed and suffered everywhere. At last chance threw him on the English shore—despair led him to seek me out—the entry into my house was more with the object of discovering whether any children had succeeded to what he conceived his rights, and of seeing in what state and how I lived, rather than with an intent of violence or plunder, when the dog rushed upon him, and, with the instinct of old hatred, nearly throttled him. What he might afterwards have meditated, goaded on by despair, want, revenge, and the suggestions of that infernal hag, my soul shudders to think. Thank God, by your counsel that has been averted. At first he repelled all commune with me, rejected all overtures, and stood on his old war with the world. But my heart was firm in its resolve, and I persevered, until, at last, he softened and melted, and we sat side by side. All was to be forgotten and forgiven; from the dark past and the clouded present we went on into a future. There was yet to be the promise of a new life before him. Sent forth by me, with new hopes and under new auspices, he was to start afresh, and make another advance in the battle of life. To-night I write to town, asking my confidential agent to meet me here, and arrange for my son's being introduced into a new course in one of our colonies—Canada or Australia. A week hence, when all is settled, we are to meet at the Cross Keys Inn, on the other side of the river from Panhaddoc Ford. Rose shall see and know him ere he leaves. Thus all looks well

and fair. A few years more—a few years of earnest work, of reputable career, and we may meet once more as father and son should meet."

The Squire would say naught to 'gloom this hopeful prospect, though it looked not so bright or promising in his eye, but pressed his friend's hand with a kindly sympathy as they parted at the park-gate.

CHAPTER IX.

A WEEK had passed, and the eventful morn had arrived. All the necessary arrangements had been fairly made, and Trevenna set forth for the interview. Quaminó was driving him in a gig. The day was fair and bright. As they crossed the bridge, Trevenna saw that Domingo was following them, and it struck him that the animosity betwixt him and his son might lead to unpleasantness, and they stopped to drive him back. The dog, as dogs always do, obeyed the dismissal reluctantly—went partly back—then stopped—then, when unobserved, crept on again. This delayed them on the bridge until they saw people on the other side making signs to them to come on. All eyes were fixed on the hills towards the north, where the river had its source. O'er them the clouds were banked in a dark, heavy mass, which seemed, again and again, to burst with great masses of water. It was a waterspout which had fallen at the very head of the stream, and was swelling its gentle current to the rush and force of a cataract. Presently was heard a deep boom, like the sweep of a mighty wind—then a roar deep and hoarse as the beating of the surge against the sea-shore—then the huge body of swelling waters was seen rolling, flooding onwards, whelming trees, houses, and meadows in its impetuous flow. It is nearing a large oak, reaches its topmost boughs, and in an instant the tree is whirled onwards, roots uppermost; a farm-yard, with its ricks and linheys, is before it; and presently a mass of stone and straw is sucked in and driven round in the eddies. Onwards it flows and gorges; nearer and nearer now to the old bridge. For a moment it is seen standing with its hoar stones and ivy-covered buttresses—then the waters are upon it—they beat and surge against it. There is a louder roar, a heavier rush, and the old greystones—the old time-worn buttresses—are hurled from their foun-

dations, and borne on in the maelstrom whirl of waters. The dog had stood on the bridge, hesitating whether to come or go, until it was too late, and the flood swept him away. His master and Quamino shouted and waved to encourage him; and when last seen he was lifting his head boldly and battling bravely with the waves. Saddened by the fate of this old faithful servant, Trevenna went on to the trysting-place. Hour passed on hour, yet no one came. 'Twas true that the river might have swollen just before he came to pass the ford, and stopped him. There was as much cause for hope as fear; yet dark forebodings came over them, and the night was passed in dread suspense. In the morning the waters had subsided to their usual height, leaving the fields and meadows strewn with wreck, like the bottom of the sea. Heaps of stone and timber, bee-hives, trees, sheep-folds, gates, lay scattered here and there; and the whole ground was covered and lain with matted fragments of hay, and straw, and mould. Trevenna and Quamino passed back easily by the ford, and as their safety had been seen and notified to the family, there had been little or no uneasiness. After the first greetings, however, Rose turned round and said, "But where is Domingo?"

"Ah, Missey Rose," half blubbered Quamino, "him gone—poor ole fella, him took away in de flood yesterday. Me see him lift his head one minute, and gib one leetle bark, as much as say, Give my love to Missey Rose, and den me see him no more—dem his last words."

Poor Rose—the sweet blue eyes were filling with tears, and her young bosom was heaving with sobs at hearing of the loss of her staunch old friend and guard, when a scraping and whining were heard at the door.

"Dat him duppy—dat old Domingo's duppy," said Quamino, with a scared look.

The door was opened, and in stalked the dog, or rather the spectre of the dog—so gaunt and lank was he, so hollow-eyed, his coat so matted and worn. Rose leaped upon him at once, threw her arms round his neck, kissed and hugged him, crying out—"O my dear old friend, you are safe, you are not drowned." And the dog, as if overcome with the like feeling, put his huge paw on her shoulder, licked her face and neck over and over, whining with joy. Quamino, in

the eagerness of welcome, placed a large platter of food before him, saying, "Dere, ole fella, eat on as long as good skin hold—you want some ballast, me tink."

The dog, as if understanding the words, set to at his meal: that finished, he began to look round restlessly and wistfully for his master; then, hardly answering his caresses, he moved out through the door, whining and stopping at times to see if they followed. "Come, Quamino—come along," said Trevenna at last, "the dog has something to show and tell. God grant it be not what I forebode."

On went the dog, slowly and steadily, towards the river, they following, until they came to a part below the ford, called the Cadger's Pool. There the dog sat on the bank, looked steadily on the opposite shore, and howled.

"He sees something," said Trevenna; "go—run—Quamino, get men with the drag-nets at once. The pool must be dragged—we must know the meaning of this, good or bad."

The Cadger's Pool, so named from a cadger having been drowned in it, was a dark, gloomy spot, where, after a bright, rapid flow, the river stagnated for awhile, and lay in black, heavy stillness—a stillness so great that no breeze ever seemed to stir it; a blackness so thick, that no eye ever penetrated to the bottom. Black rocks, overgrown with stunted brushwood, shelved down towards, and threw their shadows on it. It was a place avoided by schoolboys and anglers generally. There was a superstitious belief that no fish ever lay there—none certainly were ever caught. The men and the nets came at last. The pool is dragged again and again; naught is found or seen; yet still the dog looks at one spot on the opposite shore, and howls. At last an old veteran salmon-fisher, well used to fathom the waters with his eye, goes over, lies down on the rock, and there on a jutting point, sees something hanging and floating; the grapnel is thrown down—misses—catches—and upwards is drawn the body of a man—a young, dark, powerful man, for death had smoothed out the wrinkles and the scars. He is laid on the bank—a cry is uttered that something has been found—all rush across, Trevenna among the rest. One look—it is enough; and forth from his heart

goes the bitter cry—heard by few, perhaps by none, “Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh—my son, my son!” and the strong man totters away to sorrow and weep alone.

The man, the poor, wretched man, had been crossing the ford when the flood came, and had been caught in its rush. By what mysterious instinct the dog knew of his fate—whether in his own swim for life he had seen the man struggling or the body hanging, who can tell? ay, who can tell, save He who planted the instinct?

The body was found—that was enough for the many. “Found drowned,” was the sentence by which the fact and the fate were recorded among men.

Trevenna sat in his room—the darkness

of old times had overcast him; his heart was heavy even to rebellion—rebellion against the doom of retribution which had fallen so suddenly on him, when hope was breaking on him—hope that the consequences of his sin might yet be redeemed in happiness. He sorrowed as one who would not be comforted. The door opened, and Rose glided in silently, for she felt the presence of grief, and threw her arms gently round his neck, placed her soft cheek on his, and murmured soft, loving words in his ear, which were to his soul as the strains of David’s harp were to Saul’s.

The man looked up from the depth of his sorrow, and saw only “light on his hearth.”

MR. ALBERT SMITH AT HONGKONG.—Writing from Hongkong on the 22nd of August, Mr. Smith says, “Here we are all safe and sound, among them at last, surrounded by junks and pigtailed, and noble ladies and gentlemen. I have bought the enclosed pictures from a splendid merchant who has come off to the side of the ship on three planks, by the aid of a broomstick. We left Singapore on the 23rd ult. I was immensely delighted with it; it is quite a Chinese place. The shed shops are such rich places, they sell the most wonderful things in them,—toys and gods and lanterns, and joss properties and queer crockery. The filth they eat in the eating-houses far surpasses that cooked at that old *trattoria* at Genoa. It consists, for the most part, of rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dries in the most frightful attitudes. Some of the *restaurateurs* carry their cook shops about with them on long poles, with the kitchen at one end and the *salle-à-manger* at the other. These are celebrated for a soup made, I should think, from large caterpillars, boiled in a thin gravy with onions. The barbers also carry their shops about, and they shave, cut beards, and syringe ears right in the middle of the street. A Chinese merchant asked me to dinner. I went, of course, and after dinner we started for the theatre. They played a Chinese opera, with about fifty performers; there were lots of devils in the piece, with tumbling and fighting in every scene. They only had one clarinet and two gongs in the orchestra, but when there was a situation in the piece one fellow knocked two hollow canes together to show the audience they were to applaud. The merchant lives in first-rate style and has a wonder-

ful garden. All the fruit trees are very small; there were pines like cabbages, and a quantity of a large creeper called ‘monkey cups,’ because down the stalk there are regular pitchers and tops filled with water, from which Jacko refreshes himself in the woods. There were, also, among his live stock, Cashmere goats, porcupines, kangaroos, Pekin pigs, and Brahmin bulls, and in the jungle across the valley tigers and all sorts of novelties. I slept on shore that night, or rather I went to bed but I could not sleep, as I missed the noise of the screw and the creaking of the timbers, and the bed was too steady. The last night before we got to Hongkong we had an “entertainment” on board, and I was stage manager. We made a first-rate room of sails and flags, and the whole affair went off capitally. There are no hotels at Hongkong, but a very nice club with bedrooms. I was proposed and elected as soon as I arrived, so that is very jolly. To-day they hold a Chinese *fête* in honor of their dead relations. They keep firing crackers all day in the streets and burn their long pastilles. I don’t think they care much about their religion; they go into the temples to get cool, or sit down, or go to sleep. The children are frightened at the gods, they are so hideous; they roar with terror when they are placed in front of them. The people walk about with their hats on, and whistle and smoke, and do what they like; the merchants selling gilt paper and pastilles sit round the sides, and sometimes they beat a gong to attract customers. Nothing that I can write now can give you the least idea of this wonderful place; I see every hour how very faithful Cooke’s descriptions were.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE two days of practice appointed for the Charltons were well used, and Charlton showed a fair degree of skill, and was very glad of the excuse the shooting gave him for being out of doors, away from Sir Simon, for he found his temper too much tried in his company, and Lady Allerton's was not much more tolerable to him. Luckily the marching between targets was too monotonous for her to endure with patience, and after a few shrugs of the shoulder, and a few smart sentences, a few cuts at Edith and Vernon, and a few words of flattery to the poet and to the lord, she generally retired from the field, her short presence only serving to strengthen the sensation of satisfaction at her absence.

On one of these occasions, when she had been especially impertinent, Vernon whispered to Edith,

"Now, are you not glad she is gone? Depart from the common ways of women, and tell me the truth."

"I will tell you the truth," replied Edith. "I don't want to think whether I am glad or not: I only want to enjoy the present, and not to mar it with any disagreeable recollections."

"You are right," said Lord Hanworth, who overheard them; "let us enjoy the present fully, as it deserves to be enjoyed."

His face was turned so that only Edith could see it; and the look that he fixed upon her had in it an expression both earnest and tender. Edith became conscious of this, and it was, indeed, not the first time that such a consciousness had painfully struck her; she wished he would look some other way, she did not like it; she became agitated and she dropped her arrow. Charlton picked it up, and suggesting that she was tired of shooting, invited her to take a turn with him in the shrubbery; but Vernon interfered, and said he was sure she required further practice, but that he was the last man to be surprised at Charlton's desire to carry her away. "By the by," added he, "have you seen Miss Ramsay's clever likeness of Miss Somers?" Charlton had not, and expressed a wish to see it. Vernon asked leave of Margaret to go and fetch the drawing. Margaret replied, with a certain embarrassment in her manner, that she should have been very happy, but that she didn't know where the drawing was.

"Oh, but I know," said Vernon, "for I saw

you put it in the pocket of the green portfolio."

"It is not there now, it is lost: I have looked for it. Indeed it is not there; it must have dropped out of the pocket."

"Lost! impossible; you will never do so good a likeness again. Miss Somers, don't you resent being lost?"

"I do resent the loss of Margaret's sketch."

"You do resent it—then resent it firmly."

Summon the whole establishment upon the lawn, pounce upon the guilty housemaid, and tell her that, guilty as all housemaids are, inimical as their race is known to be to mankind generally, and destructive of those few blessings that nature grants, she of all housemaids is most guilty. Hanworth shall harangue her, and Charlton shall curse her in an ode. What do you say, my lord?"

He looked round for an answer, but received none, for Hanworth was gone.

"It is not worth any more inquiry," said Margaret, shortly, "I will do another—the same, only better."

"I suspect," said Adeline, who had joined them, in a loud whisper to Charlton, "that Lord Hanworth has stolen it."

"Come away, Edith," said Margaret; "it is time for us to go in and prepare for the reception of the guests: in another hour they will be here."

The arena upon which the possession of the archery prizes was to be disputed was a level meadow, lying a little off one side of the main road of approach to Elderslie Hall. The rows of targets were duly placed north and south of each other, and the sward between them was mowed and rolled into the smoothest surface. Tents were erected for those who were to take no active part in the business of the day, but were to be only spectators of the shooting. The meridian refection, however, which was to support both performers and lookers-on under their exertions, was not to be eaten on the ground, but in the long library of the house, converted into a banquetting-hall for the time. On this occasion Sir Simon's notions of comfort and dignity met with almost general approval. Only a very few enthusiastic young-lady shooters might possibly regret the time to be abstracted from the important duties of the day in walking to and from the house. To many of the spectators it would be a relief to escape for awhile from the scene of the constantly repeated

walk of the shooters as they traversed the distance backwards and forwards between the targets, and from all the other business of the ground so interesting to those actively concerned, so much the reverse to the bystanders. To them, the occurrence of the luncheon, in which all can take a part, would furnish an agreeable variety from their previous comparatively passive existence. Clever people however, need not be dull anywhere, and the sufferings of the stupid may be considered as amply compensated for by the joy of all the young people in the rare event of a general gathering in what was esteemed a very quiet neighborhood. The hour that was to elapse before the expected arrival of the guests was passed much as such hours usually are. The young ladies were dressing themselves and talking; the elder ones were dressing and not talking, for with them the cares of the toilet were become elaborate and serious; Lady Howell was giving some last judicious orders to ensure perfect punctuality, and the little boys were having their hair crimped somewhat in the manner of the Nineveh sculptures, and their deepest Brussels lace frills properly adjusted. By degrees the result of these praiseworthy pains showed itself in the assemblage in the drawing-room. When Margaret, Adeline, and Edith entered it, they were received with applause by Lady Howell, Mrs. Charlton, and Mr. Vernon.

"The hats were just as they should be," Lady Howell said.

"The jackets admirably becoming," said Mrs. Charlton.

And Vernon stood on tiptoe to see their faces, and said—

"Now would be the moment to call Sir Joshua to life to do a portrait of Miss Somers: she looks really like a Sir Joshua; and if Lady Howell will but give her a frame, and she will but stand still, she may pass for one of his famous portraits as she is. What do you say, Charlton?"

"That I am often reminded of Sir Joshua's subjects by Miss Somers."

"They are clever, faded things," said Lady Allerton.

"But I'm sure Miss Somers doesn't look faded to-day," said Adeline; "she looks quite fresh and bright."

"Yes, Edith is flushed," said Mrs. Ramsay, "flushed with a purple grace she shows her honest face; but never mind, dear, don't turn away and look disturbed."

"Why should she?" said Lady Howell; "we all know it's not rouge. She would have lent some to Margaret, no doubt, if she had had any, and Margaret is as pale as one of Raphael's palest Madonnas. Now, just observe what a model of indifference she is; she doesn't look even as if she heard me, but I know she does. Eh, my little sister?"

Margaret was leaning upon her bow as she stood in a recess by the window, and her perfect face showed no change. She was absorbed in some secret meditation.

"Oh dear me, now," cried Vernon, who had turned round to look at her; "what shall I do? I've dropped my eye-glass; I'm nothing without it—I know nothing, see nothing, think nothing without it."

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form," observed Mrs. Ramsay.

"If I haven't found it by the time your first people arrive, I may just as well go to bed," continued Vernon, petulantly.

Edith stooped to help him to look for it, and so did Charlton; then he knelt down himself to hunt, and knelt on it and broke it. This was a real calamity. What could he do? The loss of his glass was positive blindness to him, and it was quite true that he might just as well go to bed. Lady Allerton advanced towards him at this crisis of distress.

"Mr. Vernon," said she, "I am near-sighted, myself: I have two glasses; will you condescend to borrow one of mine? Here it is at your service; will you try it, or are you too proud?"

"Condescend! Lady Allerton; condescend to borrow an eye! Why, I will kneel at your feet for it, and I will publicly pronounce you the best-natured woman I know, if the number suits me." With this he lifted it to his eye. "Thank you. Really I can see with it—not so brightly as I sometimes do, but still enough to discern the target and, if luck favors me, to win the prize, which I beg, Lady Allerton, you will consider yours in advance."

"I thought," said Charlton, "that the prize was to be Hanworth's."

"Where is Hanworth?" asked Lady Allerton; "Adeline, where is Hanworth?"

"I don't know, mamma; he never tells me where he's going; but I dare say he's poking over a book."

"Yes, he is in the library," said Mrs. Ramsay. "I spoke to him as I passed. I looked in and I said, 'My lord, your library is duke-

dom large enough;’ and he said, ‘It might be, only it is not mine;’ and I left him, for he seemed to like to be alone. I think he was drawing.”

“He draws very well,” said Charlton.

“He seems to do every thing well except feel,” said Lady Allerton; “but he is as cold as an icicle.”

“He is as easily melted,” said Charlton.

“Is it possible,” cried Mrs. Charlton, who had not been enough in society to hear with polite indifference a friend abused, and whose whole face was in a glow with the warmth of her feeling; “is it possible that any one who knows Lord Hanworth at all can believe that he has a cold heart? Can any one look at him and think so; can any one hear his voice and think so?—is not his face all benevolence?—is not his voice all tenderness?”

“Now, Lady Allerton,” said Lady Howell, “you are to answer that! Has not Mrs. Charlton convinced you that Hanworth is a perfect mixture of tenderness and benevolence?”

“Mrs. Charlton has convinced me,” said Lady Allerton, “that *she* is all tenderness, and has enough to spare for another lord after she has given the due measure to her own. Mr. Charlton, I admire you that you are not jealous!”

“Lady Allerton, I do not admire *you* for that sentiment,” replied Charlton, and turned away from her.

“Then you are as uncommon a man as I have always thought you,” said Lady Allerton, quite unblushingly; “for most men, and especially most poets, admire those ladies who admire them. But you and Hanworth are a strange, unaccountable pair.”

“Lady Allerton,” said Mrs. Charlton, carried away by the earnestness of her feeling, “I am resolved that you shall know the reason I have for esteeming Lord Hanworth.”

“By all means; I shall be most happy to listen,” replied Lady Allerton, while a shrug of her shoulders showed her impatience. Listening, indeed, was an art in which she was not accomplished, and which was particularly difficult to her when she was requested to hear any good of any neighbor. But while she wriggled and shrugged, Margaret stood silent and erect by Mrs. Charlton’s side, not moving, scarcely even breathing, and with an air of determination not to lose a syllable.

Mrs. Ramsay approached with an eagerness that was bustling and affected; the very reverse of Margaret’s, which was so still because it was real.

“Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell,” cried Mrs. Ramsay.

Vernon drew near; and “for my part,” said he, “I am more afraid of bursting when the thing is told. Lady Allerton and I are both in a horrid tremor lest we should hear of any thing very virtuous. We hate to listen to good of our friends—it makes us feel so bad ourselves, you needn’t groan, Charlton, that’s only because we’re truly humble. When we hear something very vicious, we feel ourselves a little more comfortable, a little more easy, a little better, and we call it *deliciously wicked*. Miss Somers, I do believe, sympathizes with us, for she has turned her back and pretends to be thinking of nothing but Simon Percy’s curls.”

Mrs. Charlton turned towards Edith, and smiled, and then said—

“Don’t be afraid of me; I have no long history to tell, only this: that I was not more than sixteen when I first became acquainted with Lord Hanworth, and that in a great extremity of misery he suddenly appeared as a deliverer, a protector, and a friend. It was at Rome. My poor father was an artist, an artist of great genius, I believe—yes, I am sure, of great genius; but his genius could not extricate him from his struggles with its enemy, poverty. Unhappily, he married early. Children were born to him. My mother’s health failed. He had no fashionable friends to give him a name. He painted well—but he painted in vain. Pictures that showed his feeling, his reading, his fine thoughts, filled his studio—but few ever went out of it. Debts accumulated; and worn out with labor, with disappointment, with mortification, he fell ill himself. A more fortunate brother-painter, who was his friend, felt for him, and did all he could to relieve him, but he had not the means to be of any great service, until one day he was inspired with the happy thought of bringing Lord Hanworth to see my father’s studio. That day is to me a holy one in the calendar. Lord Hanworth’s fine taste, fine feeling, real knowledge of art, at once told him the merit of the pictures he saw; and the worn-out look, the sick wife, and perhaps the friend, told the painter’s

bitter poverty. The generosity, the delicacy with which he relieved it, I cannot describe to you—indeed I cannot. Even now, when so many years have passed, these recollections quite overwhelm me.”

And excited, agitated by her review of the past, Mrs. Charlton stopped in her narrative, interrupted by a sudden flow of tears.

“My dear creature,” said Lady Howell, don’t cry; your eyes will be so red; and besides, there’s Simon Percy looking at you. I’m always telling him it is so foolish to cry; and indeed I think it is.”

“Tears, idle tears. I know not what they mean. Tears from the depth of some divine despair,” said Mrs. Ramsay.

“Don’t; it’s so bad for me,” said Vernon. “You’re raising the waters with me, and I’m blind enough without them. Do leave off. I said how you would distress me if you told me any thing good of anybody, and you would persist: cruel woman! There’s that good-natured Lady Allerton never thinks of doing me such a mischief.”

“That’s because I haven’t it in my power,” said Lady Allerton. “These romantic things have never happened to me. I hadn’t the advantage of being brought up in poverty.”

Margaret now leant down, and kissed Mrs. Charlton’s cheek, and passing her arm round her waist, whispered low—

“Go on—go on, or these people will be coming to interrupt us.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Charlton, “Lord Hanworth admired, praised, and bought up my father’s studio. All those pictures, the fruit of long study and labor, the subjects of hope and of neglect for so many years, were suddenly taken from the walls against which they had leant—they were taken to adorn Lord Hanworth’s house, and purchased at very high prices. It was not the sudden relief from poverty—it was not even the means afforded to discharge the burthen of unpaid debts that exalted my father’s broken spirits now to sudden happiness,—it was the sense of the appreciation of his genius. And this was Lord Hanworth’s true charity. It was not the mere giving of money, it was the sympathy with the painter’s feelings. As long as my father lived he made his life happy.”

“And all for love and nothing for reward,” said Mrs. Ramsay, wiping an imaginary tear from her eye with an embroidered handkerchief.

“And not at all for *l’amour de vos beaux yeux?*” said Lady Howell, with a searching glance; for it was in her nature to seek for a selfish motive in every generous action.

“No,” said Mrs. Charlton, ingenuously; “he never even looked at me, though I was generally thought pretty then—even very pretty.”

“You needn’t say *then*,” said Vernon. “Excuse the impertinence of an old bachelor, Mrs. Charlton, but it’s just the same now. And I’m thinking how lucky it was I wasn’t at Rome, for if I had been, I should have got my second rejection, infallibly. I’m quite sure I should have blundered into that studio, and have asked you to share my blindness, my queeriness, my poverty, my ill shape, and my ill temper—”

“All the natural ills that flesh is heir to,” said Mrs. Ramsay.

“I see,” said Mrs. Charlton, “how kindly you really sympathize with all I have told you; and now I must go on to say how, when my poor father suddenly died, my mother and I found in Lord Hanworth a considerate, a perfect protector; and then, Mr. Charlton was his friend, and they had visited us together in my father’s lifetime. And now I need say no more, for you all know that I am Mrs. Charlton; and I think I hear the sound of carriage-wheels.”

Mrs. Ramsay on this walked to the glass, and adjusted her cap-streamers. Vernon, in imitation, walked to the glass, and adjusted his short, grey hairs. Lady Howell seated herself with an air of unconcern. Lady Allerton touched up the feather of Adeline’s hat. Margaret for a moment closely embraced Mrs. Charlton. Edith went out to stroll on the terrace. Lord Hanworth entered the room just now, looked round him, caught a glimpse of Edith’s figure outside, said something about his bow, and went on to the terrace too. He joined Edith, but he had not been by her side half a minute when Lady Allerton appeared there, and she said if he were going to stroll on the terrace she would stroll with him. She was quite of Miss Somers’s opinion, that it was well to be out of the way while the first arrivals and first introductions were going on. And why shouldn’t three elope as well as two? She hoped she was not one too many. She hoped there were no secrets. Edith replied hurriedly, and in accents that betrayed vexation—

"You are mistaken in supposing that I came out to avoid the first arrivals. I came out to consider the contents of a letter I have received this morning, and now I shall go in again to satisfy my curiosity about the guests."

"You had better not. I believe there's a horrid number of hobbedehts and clergymen; each to set off the other, for each would be the most tedious thing on earth if it weren't for the other. The one can't be agreeable, and the other thinks he mustn't. Isn't that so, my lord? Hadn't Miss Somers better stay where she is? I mean, of course, where we are?"

And as Lady Allerton spoke she looked significantly at him, but before she ended her sentence, Edith had gone in. Lord Hanworth, who had hitherto appeared engaged with the equipments of his bow, now turned towards her and said—

"You have roused in me a wish to see these arrivals, and I think we had better follow Miss Somers."

Lady Allerton, swelling with spleen against Edith, passed her arm through Hanworth's, and entered the drawing-room with him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE first carriage which came upon the ground brought the Rector's family. The Rev. Dr. Silverston was himself the patron of the living held by him, and it had been in his family for some generations. It was not a very valuable one; but supported by private means, and with the prestige of county-familyship, the Rectory folk always took a good place in society. The rector had been tutor of his college at Oxford, and a Bampton lecturer, which may suffice to vouch for his learning and theology; and in other respects he was an excellent model of a parish priest. He had formed his opinions and notions of duty before Exeter Hall was built or thought of, and before the art of theological dancing on the tight rope had been brought to perfection by the opponents of that remarkable institution. The old lions and monkeys were roaring and chattering on the site where the May-meetings are now held, long after the rector had added D. D. to his name, and he was a good way up on the list of those who bore that dignity in the University calendar before the writers of the Tractarian publications began to compete with Evangelical activity in the church. He was equally re-

spected and liked by both rich and poor, and for the same reasons. He dealt kindly and wisely with both. He was as ready with his sympathy as his purse for the poor; and as he did not confine his interpretation of charity to mere almsgiving, he had as much of that virtue to bestow on the rich, his equals, as he had for the poor, his inferiors. With meet difference of expression, the rector exhibited the same courtesy and firmness to all classes of his parishioners. And while assuming no power which did not belong to him by law, usage, or custom, he in fact exercised a broad and beneficial influence over all who fairly came within its reach.

In the matter of archery, when that sport first within living memory made its appearance in the neighborhood, divers appeals had been made to Dr. Silverston to set his countenance against so vain and worldly a pastime. Miss Surtanage in particular had violently endeavored to rouse his opposition to it. This lady occupied the best cushioned pew in church, and was generally supposed to be the person who circulated the pink tracts which arrived every month in nice envelopes at almost every house in the parish. These were at once made into spills, or reverently consigned to the fire by the best disposed among those who were favored with them; but they sometimes made ungodly sport, and on the whole may safely be said to have done more harm than good. But none of Miss Surtanage's remonstrances against the new amusement had their intended effect upon Dr. Silverston. They took a variety of forms. Sometimes they were urged by word of mouth—sometimes in anonymous letters describing a dreadful elopement in an adjoining county, which was entirely owing to archery; and sometimes by letters in a county newspaper, signed "A Young Lady," which announced the most disastrous consequences as ensuing, or to ensue, from the promiscuous use of bows and arrows. The cholera, and a recently reported failure to convert the inhabitants of the Lotoopooa Islands to Christianity, were among the least of the evils to be traced to it. Nevertheless, Dr. Silverston, undeterred by the public and private exertions of Miss Surtanage and her coadjutors, did not think it unbecoming him to assist in promoting a healthful, innocent, and social amusement, and now appeared in his own proper person as the principal occupant of the

rectorial phaeton. With him came his daughter, who had been so long his daughter that she was not ever likely to be any thing else; but who, although she drew no bow herself, liked to see other people enjoy themselves. The rector's son, too, was there (much younger than his sister), who officiated as his father's curate, and trod worthily in the paternal steps. There was also another son at home for the university long vacation, and whose age belonged to the debateable land between boyhood and manhood. He was a mighty archer; but unless when at his work before the targets, suffered and caused to suffer from the shyness and self-consciousness proper to the very disagreeable portion of life—for social purposes—to which it was for the time his misfortune to belong.

Other arrivals rapidly followed, lay and clerical; and among the latter it may be noted that various shades of opinion prevailed. Some of the clergy stayed away and had tea that evening with Miss Surtanage, when they comfortably denounced the sinful amusements of worldlings over their muffins; but among those who came there was not an entire uniformity of sentiment. There were subtle difficulties of conscience and curious compromises to be observed. One very popular curate, who might have been a successful competitor for the prizes, had joined the practice meetings previously held on divers lawns, but did not feel it consistent with his duty to appear as an active bowman on the great day at Elderslie. Poor fellow! his fingers were itching to be at the bowstring; but he went through his self-imposed penance with tolerable equanimity, and without inflicting his case of conscience upon too many hearers—indeed only upon those who taunted him with his defection at the last moment.

There were county lords and county ladies, other baronets than Sir Simon, city knights appearing as country squires, a few officers from a cavalry depot at some little distance, and a goodly show of youth and beauty, high-born and middle-born, among the ladies, who formed a part of almost every arrival.

Mrs. Lacy, of course, was there—always genteel and always complaining, yet disposed—as this was one of her most cheerful days—to make the best of the grievances she was propounding. "It was certainly a very hot day," which was not at all the case, for it was as perfect a day as could have been or-

dered for the occasion. "But then if it had not been very hot it might have been very cold, which would have been a great deal worse."

Her young friends many of them looked pale, sadly pale—indeed, deplorably pale; but then that was the natural effect of heat. Lady Howell would certainly find it all fatiguing, sadly fatiguing—indeed, deplorably fatiguing; but then it was so kind to undertake so much fatigue for her friends. General Allerton, to whom some of these observations were addressed, remarked that all would be fresh and well enough after luncheon; and Sir Simon graciously expressed his satisfaction with the ordering of the weather. It was exactly as he would have arranged it if he had had the doing of it,—a bright but not a broiling sun, a gentle air, but not enough to affect the flight of the arrows. He could not help noticing that a garden party at Elderslie generally commanded a suitable day. The English climate was not often favorable to such meetings, but at Elderslie it was always as it should be. Lady Howell interrupted these observations by a proposal for a procession to the field, in which the shooters were to walk in double file. Vernon, who appeared to be impatient for the shooting, perhaps because he was tired of the conversation, said he was ready to head the procession; but Lady Howell looked towards Hanworth. He was standing near Edith, and he drew nearer as if to offer her his arm; but she retreated behind Miss Allerton, and Lady Howell said, "Yes, that will do very well. Lord Hanworth and Miss Allerton lead the way." "‘Marshal them in the way that they should go,’" said Mrs. Ramsay, and looked round perturbedly for Margaret. She was standing between Charlton and his wife, and there was a shade of care on her countenance. Charlton offered her his arm, Captain French found himself obliged to escort Edith; and so it happened, as it often does happen, that none of the principal performers were satisfied with the cast of the parts. Vernon stumbled along outside the line unpaired, and muttered as he went, trying to approach Edith, "Well has our great moralist observed, 'celibacy has no pleasures.'" But however painful this arrangement might be, it had the merit of short duration, for once arrived at the shooting-ground, arms were unlinked and prisoners set free.

And now the strife began. Adeline Allerton stood up gracefully and joyously, and sent off her arrows true to the mark; for although she believed herself very much in love, she was not at all agitated, and as her second arrow hit the gold the sound of Lady Allerton's applause and Captain French's was heard above the praise of the trumpet that was appointed to signalize such a triumph in the field whenever it occurred. Some others among the ladies shot fairly, but when Margaret came forward, her extreme beauty and her close relationship to the hostess, with the knowledge that in England never fails to gain respect, of her being possessed of a considerable fortune, made her the object of particular observation. There was a consciousness of beauty in her bearing generally, at once an expectation of homage and an indifference to it; but that wonted indifference gave way now to the influence of the new sentiment that had taken its place in her heart, and the composure of her demeanor was slightly ruffled as she directed a hurried glance towards Lord Hanworth and saw him standing apart, with his eyes thoughtfully bent upon the ground. Her hand shook, and both her arrows fell wide of the target. When Edith Somers took her place Vernon offered himself to pick up her stray arrows, and Charlton leant eagerly forward to watch her success, while Hanworth directed towards her a grave, earnest look. She was aware of this look, and distressed by it; why should he fix any attention upon her? why had he not taken his place by Margaret's side? The uneasy apprehension, the pang of doubt that had struck her before, returned with double force. During the last three days, Hanworth's manner had seemed to her to lose its habitual tranquillity, and she had felt herself too much the object of his regard. These reflections sent a flush to her cheeks, but she was resolved to surmount her agitation, she was determined that she would not appear troubled by such a look; if Lord Hanworth were not her friend because he loved her friend, then he was nothing to her, or worse than nothing, and she would not shoot less well because he chose to turn his glance upon her; so fixing her own eyes steadily on the target she drew her bow with a resolute hand. She shot very well, and Charlton and Vernon whispered to each other that she would probably beat Miss Allerton. Hanworth advanced a few steps

and picked up one of her arrows, and she then retreated to the side of Mrs. Charlton. She hardly dared to ask herself why she did not as usual join Margaret, but some ideas would intrude upon her which were uncomfortable and perplexing, and under the influence of which her spirits became wearied. She looked on listlessly at the sport, and she had no notion who was gaining the day till Lady Allerton's voice roused her attention with this remark, "Was ever any thing so provoking, so ill-contrived, so irritating, so depressing, so thoroughly stupid? There is the hobbedehoy, Silverston, getting all the best shots: he will win the day; he will have the prize; not that I envy him the silver arrow, but to think that a hobbedehoy, *who is to be a curate* (mark the awful combination), should be the hero of the day. Miss Somers, I give you leave to beat Adeline out of the field if this is to be the partner of your glory. Look at him—look at the awkward booby; he is stepping aside, and Sir Simon is paying him a solemn compliment. Now Hanworth says something agreeable to him in his benevolent way, and what does the hobbedehoy answer? Why, with an awkward curve of his long body—first 'oh'—and then 'thank you!' He is both shy and conceited, like all his race. Now there's Mr. Vernon going to begin. He's got my glass luckily for us all, for without it he wouldn't hesitate to mistake one of us for a target." And so Lady Allerton talked on, and Edith made languid attempts to listen till the consciousness of a sudden blow on the back of her head put an end even to these attempts; and with the sense of a forgetfulness coming on of all around her that she welcomed and yet felt she must contend with, she clasped the hand and threw herself upon the support of the only woman in the world whom she truly disliked, for Lady Allerton happened to be near her. Lady Allerton's exclamations told her what had happened. "The wretched man! the wretched man! he's done it at last. I knew he would shoot one of us;" and then, Vernon hurried up to her, called her Edith and entreated to know how she felt. His unlucky ill-shot arrow had lodged, happily not in her head, but in an arrangement of ribbons beneath her hat which acted as defensive armor. Lady Allerton had drawn it out, and as she exhibited it to Vernon she told him that he ought to feel himself the luckiest man

in the world to have escaped in this way when so near doing a serious injury. Fortune, she said, clearly favored the blind, and if they did awkward things no harm came of it. The force and surprise of the blow had discomposed Edith, but she was not otherwise hurt, and she soon recovered sufficient self-possession to feel annoyed that Lord Hanworth was close to her, that there was an extreme solicitude in his manner and countenance, that he hurried, it being so little his custom to hurry, to obtain for her a glass of water, and that when he offered it to her his hand shook and his color changed. She thanked him, she did not want it; she was really very well. He feared that was impossible; he knew it was her habit to think little of herself, and therefore her friends must think for her—she must allow him to lead her to the house. He offered her his arm as he spoke, but she declined it, saying she needed no support. He walked by her side; Charlton joined them, and Vernon also, in a state of dejection. He had, he said, always hated himself, but never so much as now. Presently, running towards them, out of breath, and pale with emotion, Margaret met them, Simon Percy running on before her, and crying at the top of his voice, "Edith Somers is shot! Edith Somers is shot!" No sooner did Margaret see Edith really safe than, shaken by the quick revulsion of feeling she experienced, she burst into a fit of tears and caught her in her arms. "My dear, dear, dear Edith, why wasn't I near you? are you hurt? when did it happen?" Lord Hanworth and Charlton moved on to leave them together for awhile; but when they joined them again, Lord Hanworth, with a gentle kindness, endeavored to reassure Margaret, and when she said she feared she must appear very foolish to him, he replied tenderly, that it was impossible that any degree of anxiety should appear foolish for *such* a friend.

The sound of the punctual gong told them now that it was time for luncheon; and Edith felt glad that she might go in and sit down quietly, and she hoped unnoticed, while the rest were engaged in the portion of the day's performances most certain to be universally interesting. But her hopes were destined to be disappointed; and the moment she entered the drawing-room she was overwhelmed by anxious inquiries from a number of persons not really in the least degree anxious, unless

to break the monotony of ordinary conversation by commenting on what might well be called an event. Foremost among the questioners was Mrs. Lacy.

"It was a very sad interruption, to be sure; a deplorable interruption indeed to the gaiety of the day. She had known persons, particularly the niece of her second cousin, Mrs. Hamilton, feel the effect of a blow on the back of the head all their lives. The person she alluded to—of course she spoke in strict confidence—was certainly sixty, but she still felt the effects, though she was only twenty (she supposed that was Miss Somers's present age) when she received the blow. The poor, dear creature (the confidence now became stricter and the tone more suppressed) was very stupid ever since—rather deaf she thought, and certainly very stupid."

Edith laughed, and said, "she could well imagine such an effect; and she hoped, if she appeared so presently, they would kindly attribute it all to the blow."

"Are you quite sure," said Lady Allerton, "that your friend was not stupid before she was struck?"

"Oh no! not at all sure; but it was no doubt a sad event, and most distressing to all her friends. Yet they must naturally be thankful she was not killed, just as all must be thankful in Miss Somers's case—thankful, truly thankful, that she most providentially wore ribbons in her hair."

"I felt that, Mrs. Lacy," said Vernon, in a husky voice, coming up to her at this moment; "and see what I've done. Lady Allerton, in pulling out the arrow pulled away some of the ribbon with it, and I got hold of it. I'm not an honest man, Mrs. Lacy; I don't consider myself honest, for I know I'm poor, and I always doubt the honesty of poor men. The rich can afford to entertain that virtue, but we younger sons really can't; and so, with my principles, it didn't cost my conscience much to add a petty larceny to the assault, and to keep this pretty ribbon for myself."

He flourished it in the air as he spoke, and a very small knot of ribbon dropped from it. Edith saw it drop, and saw Lord Hanworth pick it up and put it in his waistcoat pocket silently and, as he probably thought, unobserved; but this trifling action corresponding too well with her previous apprehensions, so much affected her that she found herself

obliged to sit down, while an almost stunning pain seemed to press upon her head. Lady Howell noticed her paleness, and handed her a smelling-bottle. Mrs. Ramsay fluttered about her in sentimental agitation, enough unmoved to indulge in quotation, and remarked to Lord Hanworth that the "damned arrow glanced aside," an observation that was overheard by Mrs. Lacy, who, ignorant of the inverted commas, deplored to her next neighbor the melancholy fact that a lady of so graceful an exterior as Mrs. Ramsay should be addicted to swearing; and the fact was in due time of course reported to Miss Surtanage, who was not in the least degree astonished when she heard it: for what else could be expected of those who were given up to this world's pleasures and frivolities, even at an advanced period of life?

Sir Simon's punctuality, however, and General Allerton's appetite, would not suffer the gong to sound in vain; and now the procession to the library took place, where a costly entertainment was prepared. From this procession Edith sought to withdraw herself, for her spirits were tired, and she longed for a few moments of peace. But the hobbledehoy who had offended Lady Allerton by his success at the target, now offended Edith by his polite behavior. It is the misfortune of his species to offend even in their virtues, and this young man was disagreeable only by his merit. He remembered his sister's advice to attend to any one whom he saw neglected; and fancying Edith neglected because she was sitting alone, he advanced to her and said, with the bow that Lady Allerton despised—

"Oh! wont you take my arm?"

"Thank you," said Edith; "I prefer sitting quiet."

"Oh! but then, wont you allow me to fetch you something to eat?"

"No, thank you. Indeed, Mr. Silverston, I must confess to you that I feel unwell; my head aches. I know that quiet is the only remedy, and I want to be quite alone while luncheon is going on. If you wish to oblige me you will not mention to any one that I am here; I am anxious that my absence should remain unnoticed."

The hobbledehoy was really a well-disposed one; so he made no attempt at a compliment, but simply said, "Oh! I'm sure I'm very sorry," repeated his bow, and left Edith alone.

CHAPTER X.

IN an arm-chair by the open window Edith sat for a time with her face covered by her hands, then roused herself, read the letter she had gone out with the intention of reading before, sat down again and cried. She was in a painful position, full of doubt and perplexity, with no friend to appeal to. What was the meaning of Lord Hanworth's manner? Had he ceased to care for Margaret, or had he never cared for her? Had Mrs. Ramsay's chattering folly deluded her high-minded daughter into an unsolicited affection? Was it possible that he could be blind to Margaret's beauty?—that he could fail to appreciate the fine qualities of her heart and understanding—that he could fail to see how her accustomed dignity of manner was changed when he was near, and yielded to an undisguised and admiring deference? What could make *him* so blind when she saw it all so well? Could it be a preference for herself that absorbed his attention; could she be so very unfortunate as to have attracted his regard? If it were so, what an unpardonable whim! but then he was a whimsical character. Lady Howell was right there; yes, even Lady Allerton was right in that; he delighted in eccentricity; he pleased himself by doing something unexpected. Why should Margaret so much like such a man? Was not that a whim too in *her*, when there were so many others younger, handsomer, to admire and to love her? Ah! had he been a strong, earnest, simple-minded, straightforward, chivalrous man—such a man as she had once known; such a man as Charles Stirling: the Charles Stirling who was at one time the most frequent, the most welcome visitor at her own home—she could not have been surprised at this enthusiastic affection for him. And then Edith's thoughts, out of tune with the present, went back to past days. But of what use could that be? Why should such a remembrance thrust itself upon her? Had she not resolved to banish those old times from her mind; had not this friend, this man so dear in her regard, this man whom she might have loved, had he not accepted an appointment in India without a word to her? And had he not remained there now for three whole years without once seeking to communicate with her? Had she, then, not been mistaken in him, as Margaret might be now in Lord Han-

worth? But no; her heart would not admit the notion: Charles Stirling might have changed—something, she knew not what, might have changed him; but he *had once* loved her. And to this dim shadow of a past love she must still cling. She rose from her chair; she wished to shake from her these forbidden recollections, and she again forced her attention upon the letter she held in her hand. It was from her father; an indifferent, a selfish, and a cruel letter. He continued to find Paris very agreeable; he had written to his house-agent to let his house in London; his mode of living in Paris would not suit her, and she must manage to stay on with her friends. “Manage to stay on with her friends!”—at the very moment that she felt it for the first time in her life an imperative duty to leave them. Yes, it was a duty; she could not conceal it from herself. This uncertainty as to Lord Hanworth’s feelings must be put an end to; she must leave him no excuse for seeking her society with her friend’s. She must depart from Margaret’s side; but how? to whom could she go? Vernon, who seemed her surest ally, was an old bachelor; there was only Mrs. Charlton to appeal to. But how would that be? What right had she to force herself upon the kindness of the Charltons? How cruel was her position; how dreary it was in any grief to be alone, with the one tender friend who had been so true, so confiding with her, shut out from the knowledge of her oppressive secret. Fresh tears came up with these thoughts; but now the buzz of approaching voices was heard, and dreading to meet the penetrating glance of Lady Allerton, the gentle inquiry of Margaret, the awkward kindness of Vernon, and above all, perhaps, the solicitude of Lord Hanworth, she escaped out at the window, and hurried towards the walled garden, where she might remain for awhile undisturbed, intending as soon as she recovered her composure to join the shooters again. She reached this quiet garden safely, without the sound of any pursuing steps. It was always, to her feeling, the most peaceful, the most comfortable, the least pretentious portion of ground at Elderslie, and now she welcomed it as a sheltering friend. She seated herself under the shade of its high walls with a feeling of security; she was away from the great glare of the sun, away from the noise of voices; her tired eyes rested upon the green

enclosure where the sun-dial stood, and the cool, still water of the little fish-pond was in its undisturbed repose pleasant to her to look upon. It was not the show part of the garden; she had no reason to dread interruption; and she collected her strength, determined to take her place presently among the company, and knelt down at the edge of the water and dipped her handkerchief in it, to apply it to her eyes. After doing so, as she raised her head she perceived Charlton advancing towards her; the only person whom she could then see without annoyance. But his quick sympathy suggested that she wished for solitude, and he said—

“Miss Somers, if my presence is unwelcome to you, speak to me (as it is your nature to speak) frankly, and say, Leave me alone.”

“I *will* speak frankly; I could not do otherwise to *you*; and I say, Mr. Charlton, pray stay with me for a few minutes.”

While Edith spoke she offered him her hand, which he pressed for a moment cordially in his own. As he relinquished it again he said, with that tone of earnestness and tenderness that gave a value to every word he spoke—

“I have observed this morning, not only since poor Mr. Vernon’s unlucky accident, but before, that you have appeared feverish—disturbed. If there should be any cause but indisposition; if there should have arisen any circumstance—as I almost hope, from your asking me to remain here for a few minutes—in which friendship can serve you, I trust you will feel that you have in me and in my wife very warm friends.”

Edith paused for a moment, watching silently the expression of countenance that was both a faithful and a delicate indicator of the feelings of its owner. It was well that he was a man who never had the wish to conceal his thoughts, for his face would have been a traitor to his wish. After this silent look she took courage and spoke.

“Mr. Charlton, I will tell you the truth. I am unhappy, I am very unhappy this morning. I have received a letter from my father which places me in a cruel position. He writes to me that he has let his house in town—that he does not wish for my presence at Paris—that I must contrive to stay on with my friends. This is most unkind. He does not mean it. I am sure he does not mean to distress me, but indeed he does

distress me very much. Oh! how unhappy it is for a woman to have no mother. A mother would not—even a foolish mother would not—expose her daughter to such a chance. My father leaves me so carelessly, so unconcernedly, that I really have no more protection, no more guardianship, than if I were an unregarded orphan."

Edith spoke with strong emotion; but though her voice was shaken by it, she did not allow any tears to escape her.

"It is, then," said Charlton, "your father's neglect that grieves you so much. It is the consciousness of his indifference that pains you. If only this, I can merely say, try to bear it: but if owing to that neglect you suffer from any other troubles—if you can tell them to me—"

"I can. I will. This is the case. I feel that I must go away from Elderslie. Pray do not ask me why. I know that I ought—I know that I must—and yet what excuse can I offer for my departure? Only yesterday I had made up my mind to say that I was going to town—that I expected a friend to stay with me. But now what can I say? I hardly know what to do. I only feel that I **MUST** go. I feel it strongly; it is a duty—it is a wish, it is a necessity."

"I have no doubt that you are right," said Charlton; "I feel that you must be right, and I will not ask your reasons. I have no claim, no desire to ask any thing but this: will you come to us? You know that Emilia will be as glad as I am at the prospect of securing the delight of your society; as sorry as I am that we shall owe this privilege to an occurrence that gives you pain."

"I accept your invitation," cried Edith, with a sudden burst of joy. "I know it is sincere—I know all you say is true. I thank you—I cannot tell you how much I thank you."

"But can you," said Charlton, "make up your mind to depart from Elderslie so soon as to-morrow? for such is our intention. I confess that I long for my return as a school-boy longs for home. This company, this parade, is irksome to us both. Our home, Miss Somers, is peaceful, but it does not offer much variety—it does not offer the amusements of society."

"Oh! Mr. Charlton, you cannot doubt the happiness with which I should at any time look forward to being an inmate of your home. You know—you have long known—my esteem

for you; an esteem that began even before I personally knew you, and that has been only increased by more intimate knowledge. It is hardly worthy of you to seem to doubt it; but you cannot—you certainly cannot—know the inexpressible relief I feel in the prospect of leaving Elderslie."

"I can well understand it," said Charlton; and they again shook hands.

And now they were joined by Lord Hanworth.

Edith, with the secret consciousness that she was engaged at that very moment in a plot the object of which was to escape his presence, changed color as he approached. He looked at her, and his own face was for a moment flushed.

Charlton was annoyed at the interruption, and he discerned that it was unwelcome to Edith. This feeling, which showed itself in his voice and countenance, prompted him to say—

"Why are you here, Hanworth? How is it that you have left the field?"

He spoke with an irritation of manner, but Lord Hanworth's was unruffled as he replied—

"I must answer your question by another. Why are you here? for that was what I was sent to ask, and that is why I am here. Vernon has been inquiring after Miss Somers. Mrs. Charlton has been asking for you. Lady Allerton announced that she knew you were both together, and she believed you were in the walled garden. I undertook to ascertain the fact; and I have found that Lady Allerton is right in this case, as I conclude she is in most cases."

He glanced at Edith as he spoke. He knew that she and Charlton both cordially disliked Lady Allerton, and he wanted to see how they would receive his praise of her. Charlton was a man who never left his friends to doubt his sentiments on any subject; and he said, with strong emphasis, "Lady Allerton is a hateful woman."

"It is often hateful to be right," said Hanworth.

"I am going home now," said Edith. "I do not intend to shoot any more."

"Do you intend to relinquish your chance of the prize?" said Hanworth. "Reflect that Miss Allerton will get it if you do not, and that will distress Charlton."

"I shall be very glad to see Miss Allerton

win the prize," said Edith slightly offended. "Her energy deserves it, and she is really a much better shot than myself; and even if I did look upon her with that spirit of rivalry and jealousy which men believe, or affect to believe, that women cherish towards each other, the effort of shooting now would cost me more than any degree of triumph would pay."

"I am afraid you are ill, then," said Hanworth, and there was a real concern in his tone.

"No," replied Edith, not willing to excite his interest, "I am not in the least ill, but I am tired of shooting and tired of company."

"Charlton," said Hanworth, taking him by the arm, "Miss Somers is tired of our company, and our post of duty is at the targets; come away."

"Come away, indeed," cried Lady Allerton, as she just then entered the walled garden. "Come away, indeed! It is time you should, if you wish to save the day, the place, the meeting, our hosts, our friends, I might almost say the world at large, from a great disgrace; for if you do not come in with some grand stroke, the hobbledehoy Silverston will infallibly carry off the silver arrow: the very thought is intolerable; a gawky, awkward creature, with a gruff voice, and long, lank hair, and legs to match; the son, too, of the rector: that he should come out as victor with such men as you in the lists against him is revolting to one's better nature; and, as Mrs. Ramsay has just said, is calculated to amaze indeed the very faculties of eyes and ears, and cleave the general ear with horrid speech. Mrs. Ramsay has especially begged me to tell you, Lord Hanworth, that she is distilled to jelly with the act of fear, and that in respect of her hair she is like the fretful porcupine."

"I too am distilled to jelly," said Vernon, who had come in among them unobserved; "but it's not with the act of fear, it's only with the act of walking on such a hot day. I am Lady Howell's Mercury, and I am come to summon you to your posts, lest the fortune of the day be lost. I feel like the porcupine too, as far as the fretfulness goes, but in the matter of the hair I stop quite short. Miss Somers, will you console me by taking my arm as far as the targets?"

"Dear Mr. Vernon, I am sorry to refuse you, but I am going home."

"Come away," said Lady Allerton, putting her arm through Hanworth's and leading him out of the garden. Charlton and Vernon followed, and Edith took the homeward path alone.

As soon as the party reached the shooting ground they were joined by Mrs. Ramsay, who told them that the hobbledehoy was "fanned with conquest's crimson wing," and "mocked the air with idle state." Lady Allerton was indignant; truly angry. Adeline was indeed mistress of the bracelet, but her victory, so shared, was worth nothing, and she was too much provoked to forbear from doing some mischief; so she took Mrs. Ramsay aside, and whispered to her one or two suspicions that had entered her mind concerning Edith. She began by mildly wondering at her kindness in having her so much with her, with only a sly hint at a possible rivalry with Margaret; but Mrs. Ramsay's stolid opposition, her serene satisfaction in Margaret's superior beauty and fortune, and the contempt with which she met these insinuations, provoked her to a more vigorous attack, and finally she plainly told her that she believed Edith had sought to attract Lord Hanworth, and that she was certain she had succeeded. Mrs. Ramsay laughed uncomfortably, and played with her gold chain nervously while Lady Allerton spoke, but at the end merely observed that, this was "Such stuff as dreams were made of," and walked away and joined Lord Hanworth, beckoning Margaret to her side. Meanwhile Charlton drew his wife away from the ground, where young Silverston was receiving his congratulations, and wishing that he had not earned them, on account of the difficulties that presented themselves in the attempt to make proper acknowledgments, and led her into a remote shrubbery, there to discuss at ease the recent interview with Edith Somers. Mrs. Charlton was, as her husband knew she would be, delighted that Edith was to be their guest; gratified, in the first place, because she was really fond of her, and in the next, because it was pleasant to her feminine nature to have a little mystery to penetrate, and a little love story to help to an end. It was exactly what she had expected. She was not in the least surprised. Hanworth had not been straightforward enough; he had no right to keep her so long in doubt—it was time to explain himself. She could not doubt that

Edith returned his affection, but she admired the delicacy that made her withdraw herself from an undeclared attachment. Lord Hanworth had had sufficient opportunity; he ought to have spoken; and it was as well that he should learn by her speedy withdrawal that it was not always pleasant to wait. His tardiness in action, that really was the only fault in his admirable character. His habit of weighing, reasoning, considering on all subjects, left him too constantly in a state of balance; but love would overcome habit, and Edith was assuredly taking the best means in every way to secure her own peace of mind.

"Was it certain," Charlton ventured to ask, though in such matters he was deferential to his wife, "that Edith really did return Hanworth's affection?"

Mrs. Charlton was astonished at the question. There could not be the shadow of a doubt on that subject; she thought that she had none before, but now she confessed she

was conscious of an increased certainty, and indeed, strengthening her own observations, she had not failed to perceive Margaret Ramsay's friendly and tender sympathy on the subject. She had remarked how she silently watched Edith, and how anxiously she was thinking about her all day, while she delicately refrained from saying any thing that could in any way compromise her. She approved the course Edith was adopting, and she felt sure of a happy termination. Charlton suggested that there should be nothing said to any one on the subject; careless talk had sometimes created grave troubles in matters of this kind; Mrs. Charlton quite agreed with him, but now she must say no more, she must hasten in to assure Edith how much she rejoiced in this new plan; and so Mrs. Charlton left the shrubbery, pleased with her confidential talk with her husband, and still more pleased with her own unflinching penetration.

VORACITY OF THE HYDRA TUBA.—The body of the Hydra tuba is a simple gelatinous bag, so irritable and contractile, that, when alarmed, the creature shrinks to half its original size; and yet at the same time so dilatable, that the animal swallows prey apparently much larger than itself. Its movements in general are remarkably slow, and its appearance any thing but indicative of energy or activity. Nevertheless, fixed and apathetic as these creatures seem—helpless and inactive as they might be supposed, few denizens of the aquarium will be found more voracious, or better able to satisfy their craving appetites. Who would believe that that transparent bag is a destroyer more redoubtable than even the faded Hydra after which it takes its name? Who would dream that those long, silken threads which wave so prettily around its mouth were instruments of death more terrible than all Medusa's snakes? The food of the Hydra is by no means limited, as we might naturally conjecture, to vegetable particles or microscopic infusoria; on the contrary, creatures the most active of their kind not unfrequently fall victims to its rapacity, and its powers of destruction seem only to be restricted by the smallness of its dimensions. Observe the specimen before us with its tentacula all expanded—hundreds of active little beings swimming round it—tiny shrimps of various forms disporting themselves in the water, any one of which appears ten times a match for such a sluggish foe. The hydra seems unconscious of their presence, and hardly deigns to sweep the water with its lazy arms to seek its breakfast; but now a passing shrimp has hit against one of the outstretched tentacles, and instantly arrested in its course, succumbs before the magic touch; the filament contracts and coils around the

scarcely-struggling wretch—arm after arm involves it in repeated folds, and slowly it is dragged towards the hydra's mouth, which gladly opens to receive the prey. The trout that takes the mimic fly is not more firmly held by the tenacious line—the landing-net gapes not more widely for the captive fish—until at length the fatal gate is passed, and the swallowed victim finds itself plunged in the insatiable stomach of its destroyer, where it is ultimately digested and dissolved.—*The Aquarian Naturalist.* By T. Rymer Jones, F.R.S.

NATURAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—M. Badet died a short time since after an illness of three months. He was in the habit, during his illness, of sitting at a window looking upon the street, where he remained motionless for hours together watching the passers-by. The house opposite was inhabited by a M. Peltrie, who was not a little surprised quite recently at seeing, to all appearance, the pale, thin face of the defunct M. Badet looking out of the same pane of glass. Great was his emotion, not to use a stronger word. He called in some of his neighbors to whom the visage of the deceased was familiar, and who added their authority to his statement. He then pointed out the apparition to the family of the deceased, who, after satisfying themselves of its existence, had the pane of glass removed immediately. "It is therefore beyond a doubt that the glass had taken the impression of the face of the sick man as if it had been daguerreotyped—a phenomenon that might be explained, if on the side of the room opposite the window there had been another window, by which the solar rays could have fallen upon M. Badet; but this was not the case, the room having only one window."—*Photographic News.*

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and felt the bitter part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life;
And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure,
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, "we walk by faith and not by sight;"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—my cross I cannot bear;
Far heavier its weight must surely be,
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might some other burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.
A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then one more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And "follow me," He said, "I am the way;"
Then speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold—
A little one with jewels set in gold;
Ah! this methought I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear;
And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my
pain;

But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye;
Fair flowers around its sculptured form en-
twined,

And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering I gazed, and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors
fair;

Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not
bear,"—

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown."

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart;
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me,

My perfect love shall now be shown to thee;"
And then with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon;
With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—
The only one of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again!
But oh! how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for
me;
And so whate'er his love sees good to send,
I'll trust its best because he knows the end.

"For I know the thoughts that I think to-
wards you, thoughts of peace and not of evil,
to give you an expected end."—*Jeremiah, xxix,*
11.

"NOT AS THOUGH I HAD ALREADY AT-
TAINED."

Nor, my soul, what thou hast done,
But what thou art doing;
Not the course which thou hast run
But which thou'rt pursuing;
Not the prize already won,
But that thou art wooing.

Thy progression, not thy rest,—
Striving, not attaining,—
Is the measure and the test
Of thy hope remaining;
Not in gain thou'rt half so blest,
As in conscious gaining.

If thou to the Past wilt go,
Of experience learning,
Faults and follies it can show,—
Wisdom dearly earning;
But the path once trodden, know,
Hath no more returning.

Let not thy good hope depart,
Sit not down bewailing;
Rouse thy strength anew, brave heart!
'Neath despair's assailing:
This will give thee fairer start,—
Knowledge of thy failing.

Yet shall every rampant wrong
In the dust be lying,—
Soon thy foes, though proud and strong,
In defeat be flying;
Then shall a triumphant song
Take the place of sighing.

—J. K. Lombard.

[On a late visit to New York, while looking over holiday books preparing for the public by Messrs. Stanford and Delasser, we were struck by some drawings we had never seen before, illustrative of Blair's Grave. The designs are by William Blake, of whom we intend hereafter to give some account. They are highly praised by Fuseli and by Charles Lamb. A specimen is given in this number of *The Living Age*.]

DEATH'S DOOR.

The door opening, that seems to make utter darkness visible; Age, on crutches, hurried by a tempest into it. Above is the renovated man seated in light and glory.

From *The Grave*: a Poem, by Robert Blair.

DEATH disarm'd

Loses its fellness quite; all thanks to Him
 Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary, worn out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceived degrees he wears away;
 Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and like a bird
 That's hampered, struggles hard to get away!
 Whilst the gold gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast coming harvest! Then—oh then
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of naught! Oh, how he longs
 To have his passport signed, and be dismissed!
 'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more,
 Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long committed dust
 Inviolatè: and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account; not the least atom
 Embezzled or mislaid, of the whole tale!
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnished,
 And each shall have its own. Hence, ye profane!
 Ask not how this can be. Sure the same power
 That reared the piece at first and took it down,
 Can reassemble the loose, scattered parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impaired
 Through length of days; and what he can he will:
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
 Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;

With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake its partner.

Thrice happy meeting!
 Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.

by
us-
to
is

fied

r.



William Blake.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 750.—II December 1888.—Third Series, No. 37.

CONTENTS.

751	Portrait of William Blake
752	1. <i>Blake in Wales: at Home and in the Street</i>
753	2. <i>Blake's Poetry</i>
754	3. <i>Blake as a Poet</i>
755	4. <i>Blake—His Works—His Poetry</i>
756	5. <i>Importance of the French Alliance</i>
757	6. <i>French Alliance and Foreign Policy</i>
758	7. <i>Importance of the English Navy</i>
759	8. <i>Great Britain, United States and Central America</i>
760	9. <i>William Blake</i>
761	10. <i>Blake's Poetry</i>
762	11. <i>Blake's Poetry</i>

For the Living Age, the following have been published:—
 1. *Blake in Wales: at Home and in the Street*, 751.
 2. *Blake's Poetry*, 752.
 3. *Blake as a Poet*, 753.
 4. *Blake—His Works—His Poetry*, 754.
 5. *Importance of the French Alliance*, 755.
 6. *French Alliance and Foreign Policy*, 756.
 7. *Importance of the English Navy*, 757.
 8. *Great Britain, United States and Central America*, 758.
 9. *William Blake*, 759.
 10. *Blake's Poetry*, 760.
 11. *Blake's Poetry*, 761.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LEWIS, SON & CO., Boston and Stamford A. D. 1888, New York.

For the Living Age, the following have been published:—
 1. *Blake in Wales: at Home and in the Street*, 751.
 2. *Blake's Poetry*, 752.
 3. *Blake as a Poet*, 753.
 4. *Blake—His Works—His Poetry*, 754.
 5. *Importance of the French Alliance*, 755.
 6. *French Alliance and Foreign Policy*, 756.
 7. *Importance of the English Navy*, 757.
 8. *Great Britain, United States and Central America*, 758.
 9. *William Blake*, 759.
 10. *Blake's Poetry*, 760.
 11. *Blake's Poetry*, 761.